THE CORRESPONDENCE OF TWO LOVERS, INHABITANTS OF LYONS.

PUBLISHED FROM THE FRENCH ORIGINALS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

Mortem orant; tædet cœli convexa tueri.

VIRG.

LONDON:
Sold by T. HOOKHAM, New Bond Street; and G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON, Paternoster Row.
M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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THE

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

TWO LOVERS.

LETTER XXXV.

TERESA TO CONSTANTIA.

WHEN shall I have the satisfaction of seeing you at Ormes? You know, when we parted, it was your mother's promise that you should come and reside here. Are you resolved to delay your journey till the sultry heat of the season renders it impracticable? Come, dear cousin, fly to relieve my impatience. My heart is dreadfully dejected. How tedious time seems to the wretch who is

alone in nature, who has nothing to fix her attention! I look around me, and see no one to converse with. What is become of *him*? How is *he* employed? Where is *he*? During the month he has been absent, I have not heard his name. Perhaps he is paying the tributary tear to the loss of his father! I am distressed by this silence; and the dulness of the life I lead is an additional weight to my sufferings. The most rigid of mankind perpetually straitens me with his presence; my grief and languor are, with him, criminal; he blames me for the slavery of my soul, as if it depended on my own will to be free. My mother appears to sympathize with me in my sorrows, but dares not give me the verbal consolation of her pity. Dear friend, why are you not at hand to administer comfort? I am surrounded by strangers; and rural leisure, a more social

principle

principle than city indolence, occaſions me to be plagued with a crowd of unwelcome viſitors. My brother is returned from his travels; when he ſet out on them, I was ſo young, that he is abſolutely unknown to me. What perſecutions may not this brother prepare for your Tereſa! I look forward to the future with painful apprehenſion; and reflecting on the gleam of happineſs that I enjoyed for ſome months, my heart ſhrinks at the proſpect. I am angry with myſelf for not having followed the inclination that led me to the aſylum of ſolitude. Here I live to-day exactly as I ſhall to-morrow, as I ſhall a month hence; my ſenſes are wearied with this tedious uniformity of time. Our walks are mechanical; we make the round of theſe ſtately woods that ſpeak nothing to the heart; take books in hand, without reading them; and end this career of

insipidity in disgust. Ah! Constantia, I am an incompetent judge of my own happiness; when it was in my power to see him, I obliged him to remove; now I wish for him in vain! Shall I always be this self-contradictory creature? Must I eternally love, respect, vow, and abjure my promises?

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

I TOLD you of my brother's arrival; since his return, we have had nothing but feasting and visits; the whole neighbourhood must be welcomed; we run from one farm to another, and are in perpetual motion. If you wish to know, Constantia, what sort of a man you have for a cousin—he is tall and well-made; of manners elegant, but a little too satyrical; and, by his haughty airs, frequently discovers himself to be the worthy son of my father. He pays me particular attention, and will have no great difficulty to win my esteem. How charming to find a friend in a brother; and, by listening to her voice, to fulfil the bounteous inten-

tion of nature! A brother! is another ſelf; our blood flows in his veins; and we were foſtered at one boſom. What a pity that our ſouls ſhould not bear the ſame ſtamp, when we ſo agree in every thing elſe as to ſeem but one being! I am much diſpoſed to love him, but confidence, familiarity, thoſe delightful effuſions of a heart that ſcorns reſerve—Ah! couſin, theſe are enjoyments that belong only to friendſhip, and conſanguinity is out of the queſtion. Friendſhip, the ſweeteſt bleſſing that we taſte below, the gift of Heaven!—is not capriciouſly formed in a moment. It demands the experience of a whole life; it requires that, like us, two hearts ſhould have lived in each other from the dawn of liſping infancy; and have diſplayed on every occaſion the energy of this ſentiment. It requires, if I may ſay ſo, to be united with all the powers of the ſoul to the

object of our inclination; and this has been our felicity. How fondly I recollect the early period of my life, before Madame Armiane was obliged by her ſecular concerns to take up her reſidence in Paris! I often viſit the convent in which we were brought up, the garden which daily limited our walks, the good nuns who loved us with the affection of ſiſters. Happy age when the heart is free, when the ſtream of joy is unſullied, when there is no bitterneſs in recollection! It vaniſhes with childhood; it is loſt, my friend, like every other good in nature, and leaves behind only viſionary pleaſures, and real pains. What tears we ſhed at the moment of ſeparation! What promiſes we made to meet again one day, never more to part! What vows, amid our embraces, of never-dying friendſhip! Reaſoning like children, nothing appeared impoſſible to our wiſhes; we

overlooked the diſtance that might intervene from the caprices of chance, and the viciſſitudes inſeparable from humanity. My memory is ſtill warm with the idea of our adieus; the keep-ſakes, our mutual pledges of affection; the lime-tree that witneſſed the ſincerity of our vows. You ſee, my dear, how we are at laſt ſituated! Severed as if we lived at the diſtance of the poles, we have barely the liberty of an epiſtolary correſpondence, and even that is under the moſt rigid limitations. What pains did you take, to gain permiſſion of my family for me to paſs a few months with you! Cruel Conſtantia, why did you petition for that journey? Why was I not ſuffered to continue in the calm inſenſibility of life? Alas! what right have I to accuſe my friend? Was not the decree of deſtiny inevitable? Since regiſtered in the volumes of fate, that the unfortunate

tunate author of my troubles ſhould meet me at Paris, was it poſſible for me to avoid him? No; for ever bleſſed be the hour that I ſaw you, when my woes were ſoothed by your friendly conſolations. You foretold every thing which has happened to me, but at the ſame time, with what goodneſs you oppoſed to your own foreſight and reflections, the agreeable viſions of futurity! How often did you mingle your tears with mine, when after an humiliating confeſſion I endeavoured to conceal my bluſhes in your boſom! You pitied me for being in love; yet, added, that how deſperate ſoever my condition, it excited your envy. You envied me! God of goodneſs, preſerve my friend from ſuch happineſs! At length we were obliged to part once more; nor can your imagination paint what I ſuffered by this laſt ſeparation. My heart ſeemed to be

torn from me; in losing you, I felt every thing lost, even the sensation of sorrow. You beheld me, while I embraced you, stupidly sad, motionless, not able to utter a word, or to shed a tear. What wonder? I was about to renounce all the sweets of life. From that moment I have dragged my days in despair. You were my guardian angel; in your company I dared to see him; in his absence had the pleasure of talking with you about him; our conversation was inexhaustible; the day was too short for it; and night, though often blamed as leaden footed, flew with the rapidity of morning. Where could we find such an everlasting theme for discourse?—The insensible cannot conceive, but I know too well. Heaven restore to me those tranquil hours that flowed with the full tide of felicity! Come, my amiable friend, bring with you your good mother, and whoever is

dear

dear in your esteem. I have reserved a charming apartment for you; we will call it the Temple of Friendship; it shall be daily hallowed with my vows and offerings. What heaps of incense will I burn to the goddess! How fervently sincere shall be my adoration! Come, fly, not a moment's delay; I die till I see you.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

MY hopes are crushed! The journey so long talked of, will not take place. Every thing appeared ready for it; when my aunt was suddenly taken ill, and here we must remain. Tell me again that I am happy! Yes; I admire the felicity of my condition!——At what a time comes this fatal delay! At the very instant when I have the greatest need of your assistance. Oh! that I had wings to fly to you! What a mortifying disappointment! When we have indulged sanguine hopes of possession, to lose the object of our wishes is intolerable. Depending on it, I had made a thousand arrangements in my mind, which a breath has destroyed; like

like the caſtles we were formerly ſo dextrous at building with cards. Ah! my friend, perhaps we ſhall never ſee each other again. I feel a preſentiment of this calamity. It ſtruck me at the moment I received your letter; my heart beat with a violent palpitation; and, I ſaid, it is all over—to me Conſtantia is loſt for ever! I would lay the blame on my froward fancy, the induſtrious anticipator of misfortunes; but, alas! it is incorrigible; nothing can reſtore my peace, but your preſence.

A few days ſince we dined two leagues from Ormes, at the houſe of the Baroneſs de Nancé. I ſat at table next to a young woman of twenty, who poſſeſſed beauty, cheerfulneſs, and wit. After a quarter of an hour's converſation ſhe became as intimate with me as if we had known each other all our life-time. I happened

to

to queſtion her about a man who ſat next my brother. It is my huſband, ſays ſhe; but, ſay no more of him, for I do not know him. I ſmiled, and deſired her to inform me how her huſband came to be ſo great a ſtranger? What would you have? ſhe replied, I was married to him at ſixteen; till then trained in a convent, I only converſed with the world through the grates of the parlour. My father caſt his eyes on the gentleman you ſee, and ſaid, with a tone of paternal authority, that is the huſband for my daughter. He gave but a hint of his mind to my mother, and ſhe complied. I was not informed of his intention till the day before the contract was drawn up, and that only becauſe it was neceſſary I ſhould ſign it. I was ſhewn the being in queſtion; or, rather, he was brought to ſee me, and found me to his liking. For my part, had

he

he poſſeſſed nothing but the human figure, he would have appeared charming to me; for I was impatient to be at liberty from the dull life I led in the cloiſter. The marriage treaty was ſoon ſettled; the gates of the monaſtery opened to me; and, decked in the uſual finery, I was led to the altar, where I repeated my leſſon to their ſatisfaction. From thence I ſuffered myſelf to be conveyed to the houſe of my huſband, whom I told in a few days that my deſign was to live independently; and that in return he was free to follow his own pleaſures. This declaration ſurpriſed him at firſt; but at length he came into my ſcheme; and ſince that time I have heard no more of him. It is an odd chance that has brought us together to day under the ſame roof. —Oh, my Conſtantia! did you ever hear any thing like this? Theſe, it ſeems, are what they call matches of

conve-

convenience! Can it be true? Have I not ſuffered an illuſion! The name of this pretty woman is Madame d'Arbon. She is deſirous of my friendſhip; but, what connection can one form with ſuch people? Thanks to my brother! ſhe does not want an admirer; and, to my wonder, the huſband himſelf has been the cauſe of it, who, boaſting that he knew her, drew her panegyric with the ſame apparent careleſſneſs as he would that of any other young lady his neighbour.

LET-

LETTER XXXVIII.

FALDONI TO THE CURATE.

I WRITE to you in the midst of groans; to you I confide the first effusions of my grief. I have lost my father!—Destruction surrounds me; every object is tinged with gloom; death's ebon sceptre asserts its universal triumph. How unwillingly I parted from you! my soul hovered behind me, and never left your habitation. That dear house; that object at once so charming and so dangerous, the image of which, every where pursued me; the illusive visions of the gay promiser, hope; all, all, were to be resigned. I was doomed to visit an expiring father, a family overwhelmed with tears, a humble

humble, rural dwelling in which virtue had formerly imparted to me many a valuable leſſon, though their influence had appeared too little in my conduct. Between dread, anxiety, diſtreſs, and deſire, I drew near Leghorn. My ſoul was oppreſſed with melancholy on entering the neighbourhood of my father; the firſt object that ſtruck me was the houſe of the paſtor; the poplars originally planted before it, were no longer to be ſeen; the little ſchool that ſtood near it, was gone. I recollected a ſpot, on one ſide of the parſonage, where we uſed to play, and ſaw a ſet of children ſo engaged upon it. This brought to my remembrance the happy, tranquil moments I had enjoyed in that ſolitude; my heart was thrilled with a painfully-pleaſing emotion, and nature ſought a vent in tears. I purſued my road

with

with impatience, when our houſe preſented itſelf to my ſight from a neighbouring eminence. The agitation this gave me was ſo great, that it obliged me to ſtand ſtill for a few moments. What a train of events had checkered my life ſince I had left home! What ineffectual ſchemes! What abortive hopes! And at my return, all my portion, the bitter tears of repentance! Amid theſe diſmal reflections, I got as far as the yard without being noticed by any body; the doors were open, the ſhades of night began to fall and obſcure the objects around me. On entering the chamber where my father lay, the ſpectacle that preſented itſelf was dreadful; a venerable eccleſiaſtic ſitting by the bedſide, was engaged in prayer, by the awful glimmering of a taper. I ſhrieked; I ſprung toward the bed of death; I

drew

drew back the curtains; I saw my father a breathless corpse! Unutterable anguish!——I fell on my knees, and prefled my lips to the motionless body, from which they could not part me. My tears gushed in torrents; I called on my father; I conjured him to open his eyes, that I might devour their farewell, affectionate glances. My soul was torn with horrid remorse for having neglected him; I said, with profound groans, he is gone, and I did not see him die! I did not press him to my arms! I did not receive his last blessing! Perhaps he had forgotten that he had a son! I had forgotten him so long! Oh! my father, why was I not at your side, when you departed for a better world? You would have rendered me happy both in this life and that which is to come; I should have treasured your dying words in my heart;

heart; they would have enlightened me over the quicksands of virtue, and through the difficulties of life; before your soul was reunited to its Maker, your prayers with the Supreme for my welfare, would have prevailed.—Here ended my soliloquy; and lifting up the sheet, a sight presented itself, that thrilled my very soul. Ah! Sir, let philosophers call our natural emotions, prejudices; but may they never feel the heaviness of heart that I experienced, when I reflected that my father had gone down to the grave with the belief of my forgetfulness and ingratitude. During an absence of six years, the violence of my passions, the impetuosity of youth, and the distractions of travel, had insensibly erased him from my mind. This was my first crime. Heaven punished me for it: I was soon lost in a labyrinth of errors,

and

and every virtuous ſentiment was extinguiſhed in my boſom. The death of my father, by ſhewing me the gulph that ſeparates this tranſitory life from eternity, has opened my eyes; I am convinced that there muſt be another world allotted for the correction of vice, and the reward of virtue; I flatter myſelf that one day I ſhall re-embrace the objects of my affection, and that we are parted from each other only for a moment. The ſhade of my father viſits me in the dead of night; he ſeems to ſummon me away; to aſſure me that I ſhall not long linger here below. Whether we quit this ſcene in youth or age, makes but the difference of a few years: the older we are, the more unwillingly we retire; youth is the beſt period for our exit; we leave nothing behind us. —— Nothing!

thing! did I say? Gracious God! Can I forget her who binds me to the earth?

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

TERESA TO CONSTANTIA.

MY father is obliged to go to Paris, on account of a lawſuit; he will have the happineſs of ſeeing you, my Conſtantia! But, when I ſay ſo, why does the idea of this journey diſtreſs me? Why! becauſe it revives the image of paſt ſcenes that will ever be dear to me. What a long time it is ſince we had the liberty of ſeeing each other, and converſing together every day! Life is a chain that connects in various ſucceſſion, pleaſures, pains, enjoyments, and diſappointments. When we are happy in a place, why can we not continue there? Wherefore ſhould we ſhift our ſituations? What is to be gained by removal? Happineſs flies from

from a crowd; we had found her, but were obliged to give her up. I shall never forget the year I passed at your house; that was the æra of my felicity; and when I am disposed to examine if I am happy, I must compare my condition with my enjoyments in your company. Dear cousin, how much do I esteem you; and how greatly do you deserve it!—We are solitary in the shades; for my brother having thought proper to follow Madam d'Aarbon to town, I shall not be troubled with his company for some time. The Curate is our inseparable friend. Did you but know how much I am indebted to him. Alas! to him I owe my honour, and present consolation. He fortifies my mind with religion, reason, and virtue; his discourse penetrates my soul like a ray of celestial light; he raises me above myself; while the generous man is near me, I learn to triumph

over my tyrants, the paſſions; for the melancholy that conſumes me, I find no relief but in his converſation. Sometimes I proſtrate myſelf in the chapel, and paſs whole hours without motion, bathed in tears, imploring Heaven to releaſe me from the chains of love, and to reſtore me to my native freedom: and leaving this aſylum, I ſeem to breathe with more liberty; I feel an acceſſion of fortitude. Oh! Conſtantia, how ſweet it is to addreſs the God of comfort, in confidence of his aſſiſtance! How do I pity thoſe unhappy creatures who have no reſource in trouble, having given up the belief of ſupreme goodneſs! Deſperate blindneſs! not to perceive that in diſtreſs nothing is to be expected from man, and every thing from God. The time comes, my friend, when our eyes are open to the illuſions of the world; the charm vaniſhes that was ſo ſeducing; we

grow

grow diſguſted with our former enjoyments; our varying inclinations deſtroy each other with an amazing rapidity; we wonder to find ourſelves indifferent to thoſe things which for a long time excited our moſt violent deſires. Then what muſt be the condition of the heart in the dreary void occaſioned by the revolution of time and change of circumſtances! Are not they happy who can ſtill direct their views to an object of hope, ſuperior to the capricious alterations of fortune?

By letters from Italy we learn that Faldoni has loſt his father; this, you may ſuppoſe, does not add to my happineſs. My own, you know, is already dead to me. Monſieur de St. Cyran treats me with a degree of ſeverity that ſo far from being ſanctioned by the rights of blood, appears unnatural. I never look at him, nor

ſpeak to him, without trembling. When I am driven to the neceſſity of conſulting his eyes, or his face, the leaſt change in either alarms me; my life is ſpent in the ſtudy and dread of this inacceſſible father. His formidable aſpect invades my very dreams, and laſt night, my ſlumbers, tinged with the gloomy apprehenſions of the day, preſented to my harraſſed imagination the moſt terrible aſſemblage of diſtreſſing ideas. My father appeared before me, his eyes flaſhing with indignation; in one hand he held a ſword, and with the other ſeized Faldoni. I ruſhed between them, to ſave the unfortunate man; claſping him in my arms, I ſhared his wounds, and we both fell together at the foot of an altar. I gave a violent ſhriek, and awaked, bathed in my tears. Ah! ſay, why this horrible dream, that ſeems to forbode ſome great diſaſter? I am not ſuperſtitiouſly credulous, yet think

think that nature ſometimes deigns to give us a ſecret preſentiment of approaching misfortunes; I cannot help believing that we have ominous impreſſions of future hopes and fears; whether they be inward emotions excited by Heaven; or the offspring of inſtinct, that faithful guardian of our ſafety; this I know, that they have never deceived me. Gracious Heaven! how wilt thou diſpoſe of me? Am I deſtined to new trials? Alas! couſin, in ſix months what have I not ſuffered? Youth, health, and their companions cheerfulneſs and bloom, are loſt; I am but the ſhade of your former friend, and reſemble the airy phantoms that hover over the ſepulchres which contain their aſhes. Where is he now? Why remove from his Tereſa? How happy was I with him at my ſide! Nature muſt ſympathize with my griefs; my ſpleen is become unbearable to every body, and

poor Deſchamps is often the victim of it; I ſcold her for having countenanced an amour which it was evident would end unfortunately. How pitiable thoſe, dear friend, who are ſurrounded with irreſiſtible ſeductions! They penetrate the inmoſt receſſes of our aſylums, and there is no refuge for us on the couch where we would repoſe from our troubles, not even in a corner of the retreat where our tyrannical fathers permit us to groan at liberty. A retroſpective view I cannot bear, for it ſeals my condemnation; I own that I ought to have guarded my heart from the approaches of an ill-ſtarred paſſion; or by the efforts of reaſon to have ſtifled it at the moment of its birth. I ought——Ah! do mortals perform every thing they ought? Where is the man, where is the angel, who does not lean to the gentle whiſper of a favourite propenſity? How could I, weak and ſuſceptible by

nature,

nature, arm my heart with the fortitude of reſiſtance? — But does inevitable vengeance hang over the heads of rebellious children? My Conſtantia, I fear ſo; I am inceſſantly haunted by the furious image of my father: yet how can I obey his mandates? Eternal anguiſh, a life of inſupportable horror muſt attend the ſacrifice! Ah! why does he not demand only my life? I am ready to reſign that to the author of it; but my fate would involve with it that of another; and am I entitled to make ſuch an offering? If he has intruſted me with his deſtiny, ſhall I abuſe the confidence? I grant theſe are ſophiſms, yet they prevail with me; and if for a moment I reſolve on a dutiful acquieſcence with parental authority, the ſpectre ariſing, checks me, it points to the coffin open to receive it, and at once my virtuous determinations wither. God of mercy, judge me not

for disregard of a father's will! My rebellion is not prompted by sensual depravity; a father is but a man, who being liable to mistake may mislead us; but the voice that bids me yield to a virtuous passion, and not wound the affectionate sensibility of a rational being, is the voice of nature, and perhaps thine own.——Since my mother countenances me, I am not entirely criminal; at least, to think so is as reasonable as to doubt it.

LET-

LETTER XL.

The Curate to Constantia.

Madam,

I UNDERSTAND that you are alarmed at the long ſilence of your friend; ſhe has therefore honoured me with the charge of anſwering your obliging letter, being herſelf rendered incapable, by illeſs, of holding the pen. Yet do not deſpond on her account; ſhe has hitherto been in leſs danger than pain. You are no ſtranger to the cauſe of her ſufferings, as I am well aſſured, that ſhe has made you the confident of all her ſecrets, and that you have read with the freedom of her ſpiritual guide to the bottom of her ſoul. How muſt her preſent condition awaken your

ſympathetic ſenſibility! Like a drooping flower ſhe withers before her time. Heavens! What is beauty! The lovely victim of a changeful moment. For two months that Miſs de St. Cyran has pined with a ſecret languor, ſhe has exhibited a melancholy ſpectacle of gradual decay. Her unhappy mother has been a witneſs to it, and groaned with anguiſh becauſe ſhe could adminiſter no relief. She perpetually conjures me to preſerve her daughter. But what can I do between two ſufferers, when neither is miſtreſs of her fate? Is Tereſa to blame for the paſſion to which ſhe is a prey? Can Madam de St. Cyran remove her malady by uniting two beings that appear to have been born for each other? Thus I reaſon, and confine my aſſiſtance to ſpiritual comfort. Dreadful limitation! when we ſee thoſe we eſteem dying before us. This houſe, once diſtinguiſhed for cheer-

cheerfulneſs, is now the image of the ſepulchre. How ſhocking the ſolitude, where every one endeavours to ſhun the other! Madam de St. Cyran would never leave her daughter's apartment, but for the fear of being troubleſome; and her parental feelings ſuffer ſo much from the diſtreſſing ſcene, that when ſhe quits it, ſhe is conſtantly bathed in tears. Cruel child! ſhe cried at that moment yeſterday, you will be the death of me. Yet why do I blame her? I myſelf alone am culpable, who ſhould have reſolutely prevented this miſery by a timely removal of the cauſe.——I frequently take a chair by the bed ſide of the dear young lady, and when ſhe is diſpoſed to hear me, produce all the arguments of comfort ſuited to her love-ſick ſoul. How often has ſhe repeated your name to me! It is her decided opinion that ſhe ſhall never behold you again; and

at the recollection of that gloomy idea, her grief has no bounds. She frequently cries, lifting her hands to Heaven, God of my life! grant me once more to ſee my friend, the companion of my childhood, the dear confident of my heart! She proceeds to make the arrangements proper for the hour when ſhe ſhall be no more; ſhe bequeaths to you what appears moſt eligible; then intreats me to watch your welfare with a tender eye, and ſupply her place with her Conſtantia. Sometimes, unwilling to revive her diſtreſs, I forbear to mention Faldoni. This caution does not eſcape her notice, but ſhe ſays to me with a ſmile, I perceive and thank you for your delicacy; yet I am able to hear whatever you can ſuggeſt; and my heart ſays much more about him than you can tell me. — Never had piety ſuch dominion over a virtuous ſoul; her affections ſeem from diſappoint-

ment

ment to mount with redoubled ardour to the Divinity. I ſee a ſeraph in her, glowing with love to the Supreme. Old as I am in the ſacred miniſtry, ſhame ſuffuſes my cheek for my lukewarmneſs, when I witneſs the fervour of her raptures, that tranſport her, like Elijah, in a chariot of fire to the Creator. Emanation of unſullied goodneſs! earth is unworthy of her ſtay; a better world is prepared for her congenial ſpirit; and happineſs in full fruition. What is this tabernacle of men? The houſe of mourning and deſpair, where opinion ſways with an iron ſceptre, and heaven-born virtue ſtoops to the tyranny of prejudice. — Pardon the digreſſion of this ſoliloquy, Miſs; my heart forgot you in the warmth of its indignation. If you approve of my correſpondence, I will from time to time give you an account of your friend's health. Do not ſpare your

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affectionate letters to her, ſhe needs all your ſympathy, it is balm to her wounded mind; whenever ſhe mentions you, a ſudden glow enlivens her complection. At intervals of eaſe, ſhe calls for a box that contains your letters; and ſpreading them open, ſhe devours their contents with her eyes; not refraining ſometimes to preſs them ardently to her lips; while her boſom heaves with a ſtruggling ſigh. Charming friend!—ſhe exclaims; till the violence of her emotions oblige her to give up their peruſal.

LET-

LETTER XLI.

TO THE SAME.

YESTERDAY Miſs de St. Cyran, with the aſſiſtance of her governeſs, came down ſtairs, and took ſeveral turns in the garden. Her mother appearing, ſhe curtſied to her, without ſpeaking, took her hand, preſſed it to her lips, and ſat down by her. We all remained ſilent, and this dumb ſcene continued ſome time. At laſt Madam de St. Cyran, her heart burſting with grief, put her arm round her daughter's neck, and, by a gentle inclination, glewed her mouth to the cheek of the lovely mourner. Tereſa ſighed; tears guſhed from her eyes; and ſhe endeavoured to hide her confuſion in the boſom of the beſt of women. Ah! Madam, ſhe cried, what

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can you think of me? That I am aſhamed of my ſorrow? Do theſe ſtreams then flow from diſtraction? Why weep? What is my diſtreſs? O mother, do you not love me, and yet I am unhappy. Tereſa is undeſerving of your goodneſs.——Madam de St. Cyran uſed every effort to comfort her, and the hopes ſhe gave her of better days, ſeemed to ſooth the anguiſh of your friend. Finding her ſtrength return, ſhe deſired us to accompany her to her nurſe's farm. I foreſaw how much this viſit would affect her, and therefore endeavoured to diſſuade her from it; but ſhe perſiſted in the propoſal, and her mother, her governeſs and I, ſet out with her in a carriage. Immediately at our arrival Juſtina fell on her neck; but taking a nearer view of her, drew back with an affectionate ſurpriſe. What do you think of me, nurſe? ſays the amiable girl with a forced ſmile.

ſmile. Do you ſtill recollect my features? You do not congratulate me as uſual on the bloom of my complection; you ſee time changes every thing. Juſtina wept, without anſwering her. Come, give me your arm, reſumed Tereſa, and ſhow me your garden, I am told that you have much improved it. I ſhall take a pride in your embelliſhments. Then, turning to me, Do you not admire, Sir, the order and neatneſs of this houſe? You are to know that it is my Juſtina's. The good old creature ſeemed beſide herſelf with joy; when her huſband coming up, ſhe ſaid ſomething to him, and led us to the garden. Tereſa walked with difficulty, and at intervals was obliged to reſt. As ſhe entered a little thicket on the edge of the kitchen garden, ſhe gave a ſudden ſhriek, and calling to me, aſked in a tremulous voice, Where are we? See, Sir, it is the ſame harbour,

bour, the ſame fountain, the ſame diſpoſition of the trees! What demon has been at work here to diſtreſs me with a revival of old ſcenes? She then burſt into tears. Juſtina told her ſhe was obliged for thoſe arrangements to the viſit of a ſtranger. But how ſhall I give you the panegyric that ſhe drew of his virtues; or of the ſatisfaction and ſoftneſs that ſparkled in Tereſa's eyes? For, by that infallible inſtinct that ever waits on lovers, ſhe immediately gueſſed who he muſt be. I mentioned your name to him, added Juſtina, and though he did not know you, he ſpent days in hearing me talk of you. She then related the various acts of humanity which had been performed by Faldoni; of his generoſity to the poor villagers; how much he was their idol, and how every body was grieved at his departure. Tereſa ſtood in mute attention, her arms hanging down,

down, her eyes fixed on her nurſe, her lips ready to devour the moſt trifling circumſtance. What a man! ſhe cried at laſt, turning to me; Ah! Sir, it was he —— She left the ſentence unfiniſhed, hid her face in her handkerchief, and as ſhe advanced in the thicket, diſcovering ſome letters inſcribed on the trees, ſaid to her nurſe, Your account of this generous ſtranger is very intereſting; if ever he returns, let him know how attentive I was to his hiſtory. Then turning to her mother, ſhe ſaid, Dear mamma, benevolence ſhould meet its reward. Undoubtedly, replied that excellent mother, at no loſs for her daughter's meaning. Tereſa then unpinned a ribbon from her boſom, and giving it to Juſtina, cried, deliver this to him from me; you need not conceal my name; I give it as a tribute to ſuch exalted virtue. She had ſcarce finiſhed the ſentence, when ſeeming

to have forgot herſelf, ſhe ſunk into her mother's arms. Madam de St. Cyran gave her a profuſion of kiſſes. We were all much affected; the enthuſiaſm of the dear girl thrilled through every boſom. Divine energy of the good! I never felt ſuch rapture. —— We were then ſhown the lovers, whom Faldoni had united; ſo happy, ſelf-endeared a couple, naturally raiſed our envy. There, ſaid Tereſa, is a match of inclination crowned with felicity! —— On returning to the houſe, a repaſt was prepared by Juſtina's huſband for Tereſa; ſhe taſted of every thing, and ſeemed to recover her cheerfulneſs and ſtrength. Madam de St. Cyran gazed unceaſingly on her, and at every glance her eyes ſparkled with pleaſure. She bade me obſerve the appetite of Tereſa; and thanked Heaven for our fortunate excurſion. For my part I dreaded the conſequences of the

agitation

agitation she had sustained, and was alarmed at the irregularity of her meal. Indeed we no sooner returned to the castle than Teresa began to complain. In the evening a fever attacked her, accompanied with an ague and delirium. At present she is more composed; and we hope that this shock will have a favourable conclusion.

LET-

LETTER XLII.

TO THE SAME.

A STRANGER desired me to repair to the grate of the castle; it proved to be Faldoni; we flew into each others arms, when he almost lost respiration. Is she here? he cried. Can I see her? Will you present me to her? Will her worthy mother welcome me with her accustomed goodness? Does Mr. de St. Cyran?—— Here he stopped short, and I replied only with my tears. I saw him turn pale; his knees trembled, and he was near fainting away. Ah! Sir; what would you tell me?— That she is dead?——It was my immediate care to remove this apprehension. She lives, said I, though you may not see her; she is so weak and wasted by a lingering

lingering consumption that she cannot leave her chamber. He trembled at my recital; his eyes rolled with unusual wildness; his tongue uttered incoherent sentences; but at last tears flowed to his relief, and he pressed me in his arms. Come, said he, let us pay a visit to her excellent mother; how great must be her affliction! If I can but get admission to the threshold of the daughter's chamber-door; hear the sound of her voice; distinguish the charmer's emotions; I shall return more contentedly. So saying he drew me forward with a trembling hand. I conducted him to the passage. As we approached the castle, he desired me to stop; his feet were unable to proceed; his eyes swam in darkness; his heart beat violently in his bosom, and leaning against a tree, with up-lifted hands, he said, Pardon me, Sir, I can advance no farther; I cannot go in; I have not strength

suffi-

ſufficient. Then caſting his eyes around him, Behold the very ſcenes of my former fears! I trace again the ſame ſolitude, the ſame deſerted galleries, the ſame images of death that haunted me when I croſſed theſe apartments. Smiling at his chimeras, I dragged him along. At the appearance of a woman in the hall, he relapſed into his weakneſs. We arrived at length on the ſpot. Where am I going, ſaid he again, with a tremulous air and accent. I made him ſit down, and entering the room of Madam de St. Cyran, acquainted her with the return of Faldoni. A thouſand anxious emotions took poſſeſſion of her boſom; ſhe expreſſed a diſinclination to receive the author of her daughter's ſufferings; ſhe feared that the ſight of him would be too painful to her own feelings; yet at laſt determined to admit him. He entered with a ſad dejected counte-

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nance; and I left him to prepare Miſs de St. Cyran for his viſit. She was ſitting on a ſopha, with your letters ſpread around her. But immediately quitting their peruſal, ſhe deſired me to place myſelf by her. Her cheeks appeared in a burning glow; her hand bathed mine with the dews of ſickneſs; and I diſcovered ſome ſymptoms of a fever. I heſitated to mention to her at that inſtant a name which ſhe never hears without emotion; when Juſtina, that good creature, made her appearance. Miſs, ſhe cried, quite out of breath, Mr. Faldoni is here; I have ſeen him! She would imprudently have proceeded; but I ſhrieked on perceiving your friend's face overſpread with a deadly paleneſs, and her head reclined on her boſom. Her attendants ſupported, and gave her drops to ſmell to. I went out of the room, but returned ſoon after with her mother. At ſight of her, Tereſa

endeavoured to extend her arms for a filial embrace, but in vain, they fell languidly in her lap. Oh! Madam, ——— ſhe could utter no more; her voice was ſuppreſſed by her tears. Madam de St. Cyran preſſing the ſweet girl to her boſom, ſaid, why, child of my heart, this everlaſting grief? Am not I your affectionate mother, at all times ready to anticipate the leaſt of your wiſhes? With this ſhe gently wiped the tears from Tereſa's eyes. Your fair friend hid her face ſome time in her mother's boſom, then ſuddenly raiſing it, exclaimed, he is then here! ——— He would fain ſee you, replied Madam de St. Cyran. ——— See me! See me!—She bluſhed, turned pale, and articulated in a different tone, Ah! what will he ſee? A phantom, a victim for a moment withheld from the tomb. Then putting her hand to her heart, Of what uſe is this viſit? Is he not here? Can his

his image ever leave me? I ſhould behold his tears; I ſhould hear his lamentations; and be wounded with unutterable anguiſh. Spare me the diſtreſſing picture! —— Well! my Tereſa, he ſhall not preſent himſelf; you ſhall have your way—— He ſhall not preſent himſelf! I muſt, then, never ſee him more! God of life! how weak is the human heart! Ah! let him come and enjoy his triumph! Let him ſee the condition to which he has reduced me; if pity is not baniſhed from his breaſt, he will forego ſentiments reciprocally deſtructive to our peace.—— She had not finiſhed, ere Faldoni flew to her feet; for he had waited at the chamber door to learn his fate. Grief and fear ſeemed to divide his emotions; with lifted hands he threw himſelf on the carpet before his angel, and continued there fixed as a ſtatue. Tereſa made him riſe, and on retracing his features, rolled

her eyes toward Heaven, then ſuddenly cloſed them. Madam de St. Cyran's arms embraced her, and that excellent lady deſired Faldoni to withdraw. But to what advice could he attend? At the feet of his miſtreſs, his eyes fixed on her, his lips ſuſpended in their utterance, his ears ready to devour her whiſpers, ſcarce daring to breathe, every limb trembling, he watched with anxiety for the firſt ſymptoms of returning life in Tereſa. She at length awaked from her lethargy, when Faldoni ſtarted up, gazed eagerly on his charmer, and uttered ſome unintelligible accents. See! Sir, ſaid ſhe, with great ſolemnity, the conſequence of a clandeſtine acquaintance. Then turning to her mother, Madam, forgive your daughter! Heaven has ſufficiently puniſhed me for my miſconduct. Then addreſſing me, dear paſtor, ſhe cried, in what a ſtate of humiliation do you

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find me! How are we degraded by our paſſions! I muſt be indebted to a man for conſolation! My being depended on his preſence; or I ſhould have exiſted only to ſuffer! Now looking at Faldoni, Why are you come back? What can you hope for? Alas! I have no longer charms to allure you; the bloom of my youth is blaſted; I am ſtepping into the grave. Perceiving that he wept, ſhe reſumed, in a ſoftened tone, dry your tears, Faldoni; they flow in vain; I can never be yours; my father has acquainted me with his will; an angry father's curſe hangs over my head, unleſs I forego my viſionary ſchemes of felicity; not the affectionate mother who hears my declaration can reſcue me from parental tyranny; her reſource, like mine, is only in tears! Let us therefore abandon the fond hope of our union; we muſt not

think of it. I have given my nurſe a pledge of my friendſhip for you; preſerve it for my ſake; let it ever ſpeak to your heart the ſincerity of my attachment. Here a ſigh eſcaped her; and ſhe exclaimed, ſo tender a friendſhip! an inclination that ſeemed to have the ſanction of Heaven, attended with ſuch dreadful conſequences! Who ſhall boaſt of earthly happineſs? I do not bid you adieu; to pronounce that ſentence would diſtreſs myſelf. In of what uſe is it for us to meet again? If you can fire from me; if you can forget me; if by giving up the idea of me, you can be more ſerene and happy; forget me; renounce me; you have my conſent; fly from Tereſa, and let a worthier object compenſate for my loſs. She would have continued her diſcourſe; words crowded to her lips; her eloquence and ſenſibility, after a long period of ſilence and reſtraint,

ſtraint, naturally ſought relief in the diſcloſure of the inmoſt ſentiments of her ſoul. Faldoni, dejected by the ſpeech of his miſtreſs, approached her with awe, and reſuming his ſituation at her feet, exclaimed, in the name of that bountiful Being whom you reſemble; in the name of your affectionate mother, and of this worthy friend; and may I not add? in the name of my love; in pity, Miſs, do not drive a wretch to deſpair, by ſuch rigid menaces? Why ſhould you covet my death? Then preſſing by turns our hands, he conjured us to intercede for him. Dear Tereſa, ſaid Madam de St. Cyran, if your life depends on the exhilaration of hope, be aſſured that every thing ſhall be done in my power for your ſatisfaction; and that it ſhall not be my fault, if you do not make that worthy man happy; he deſerves to be ſo; his virtues juſtify

your choice. Teresa's languid features, brightened with a gentle smile; dear Mamma, you then excuse this weakness; you give a sanction to the wishes of your daughter! Well! said she, addressing Faldoni, receive my promise to be none but your's. She clapped her hands in a transport of joy; would have spoken more; wept; danced about; and could express her gratitude only in broken murmurs. For my part this scene affected me to tears; and wishing to give it a religious solemnity, I took the lovers by the hand; then looking at Madam de St. Cyran, said, Nature has done her part, Madam; it is time for you to perform your's. She answered with surprise, what can I do? Favourable wishes only are in my power, and may Heaven gratify them! My authority extends no farther. At least, I replied, you may promise me your

consent to their union. She did not hesitate a moment. Then lifting my hands to heaven, I cried, fountain of mercies, turn the heart of a relentless father! May he cease to oppose the dictates of nature, and the happiness of this innocent couple! Grant that I may lead them to thy altar! that I may sanctify their spotless loves; and ere I am re-united to thee, may my closing eyes witness their felicity! —Faldoni, then, stooping on his knee before Teresa, took the bottom of her gown, and pressed it eagerly to his lips. Daughter of heaven, he exclaimed, you whom I dare not yet call by the tender name of bride, here let me vow ever-during affection to you; may my life expire the moment my false heart ceases to love you! Madam de St. Cyran permitted him to kiss the hand of her daughter; Teresa's cheeks were flushed with a charm-

ing crimſon; her imagination and her heart took the alarm; ſhe deſired to be alone, and we left her to gather undiſturbed theſe firſt bloſſoms of pleaſure.

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LETTER XLIII.

TERESA TO CONSTANTIA.

AM I recalled to life, only to prepare for new afflictions? Fate was ready to drop the curtain——When he returned, the deſtroyer of my peace made his appearance. My fooliſh heart beat with its old palpitation; my blood recovered its mazy courſe; joy, ſo long a ſtranger to me, enlivened my ſoul like the glittering dew drops on the morning roſe; my conſcious boſom owned, that the deceitful world had not intirely loſt its charms. Can there then be left any opening for me that leads to felicity? Vain flattery! my dear mother labours to no purpoſe to enliven me with that confidence. What can ſhe do? Can the univerſe lend me arms againſt the moſt

tyrannic of fathers. Yet I abandon myſelf to my darling fondneſs, and time ſlides away imperceptibly in its agreeable illuſions. My mother, the Curate, Faldoni, and I, form a delightful ſociety. He lodges with my nurſe, but calls on us every day, and we are as much together as poſſible. The Curate ſometimes fetches him early in the morning to dine at the caſtle. The two gentlemen, of ſuch congenial minds, have formed the moſt intimate acquaintance; and I triumph with a virtuous pride, to ſee my choice ſanctioned by the friendſhip of that worthy miniſter. I glory in the eſteem inſpired by Faldoni, in all who have the happineſs to know him; and flatter myſelf that the whole world muſt excuſe my partiality for the moſt amiable of mankind. Dear couſin, how does he intereſt my heart, and what new claims does he gain every day to my attachment!

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None ever poſſeſſed the ſocial virtues in a more exalted degree; I never view him without veneration; he has taught me that man is born for the protection of his fellow creatures. With a commanding aſcendency he checks intruſive raſhneſs, and ſtings with a guilty bluſh the brow of audacity. His manly and firm aſpect announces the magnanimity of his ſoul; it is viſible that he has not forfeited his own eſteem, and that without vanity, he is duly ſenſible of his own worth. What are human inſtitutions, titles, honours, riches, compared with the diſtinction of virtue and perſonal merit? Had Faldoni been born in the deepeſt obſcurity, he would have blazed with a luſtre that might have graced a throne. Good, generous, of the moſt exquiſite ſenſibility, his heart glows with affection for all mankind; and it is my joy to ſay, ſuch is the huſband of my choice.

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As we are ſo near the foreſt, we have formed the deſign of viſiting the banks of the Lignon, and the fertile plain watered by its ſtreams: a relation of my mother, who enjoys an eſtate near Montbriſſon, has determined us to undertake this journey. We ſet out at day-break; it was a delightful morning; the ſun, appearing in the horizon, gilded that beautiful chain of hills on which the eye dwells with rapture when you enter the lower foreſt. We beheld the valley rendered ſo famous by the loves of Aſtrea and Celadon; the paſtoral ſtyle ſtill prevailed; the neighbouring hills were whitened with ſheep; the ſhepherdeſſes, whoſe beauty might vie with the fair Arcadians, ſat beſide their ſhepherds; the muſic of the pipe, and the ſong of the leader of the flocks ſaluted the raviſhed ear. What a ſweet ſerenity is inſpired by the charms of rural life! Softened

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with the view of the ſmiling landſcape, my tumultuous paſſions ſubſided, and my ſoul ſunk into a tender melancholy. How happy, ſaid I to myſelf, were the Dianas, and Aſtreas, who ſpent their days here in company with their lovers! Nothing could injure their pleaſures; no unnatural prejudice thwarted their inclinations; no tyrannical law biaſſed their affections; love was the offspring of their own choice; and all their days dedicated to its indulgence, were brilliant and ſerene. Theſe reflections, made on the road, inſpired me with a penſiveneſs, which Faldoni perceived, and endeavoured in vain to remove. My mother entertained us with an account of the venerable hoſt we were going to viſit. Monſieur de Themine is a gentleman who has retired to his eſtate, and who ſtudies nothing but the happineſs of his tenants. His houſe riſes on the declivity of a hill, from

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whence you have a view of enamelled meadows, winding hills that extend in many a curvature to the horizon, and ſtreams that flowing from the boſom of the vallies, are at length loſt in the depth of obſcure foreſts. The village lies below the caſtle; ſcattered here and there are ſeen the glittering white walls of little farm houſes, juſt diſtinguiſhable from the cluſtering trees; the ruſtic dwellings are defended by hedges of hawthorn; while around them reigns a charming confuſion of ſheep at paſture, children at play, huſbandmen at plough, and women engaged in domeſtic duties.

Mr. de Themine gave us a hearty welcome; his ſalute ſpoke the friend of hoſpitality; an elegant ſimplicity ſupplies with him the place of luxury, and excludes every wiſh for farther gratification. A glimpſe of the gardens raviſhed me; art there was concealed under the appearance of ruſti-

city;

city; none of that dull ſymmetry which ſquares our groves, clips our trees, and violently ſtruggles with the pleaſing caprices of nature. Here a tufted wood; there verdant meads; farther off rocks ſtrewn with ſhells, and inviting with cool grottos, while fountains that guſhed from their ſummits vaniſhed with a gentle murmur beneath the ſhade of the lime. You ſee nothing here, ſaid Monſieur de Themine, but unpoliſhed nature; yet this whimſical diverſity, in which ſhe delights to ſport, is, in my opinion, the true reaſon that we never view her works with indifference. Let others account for the effect produced by a ſight of palaces and their ſumptuous gardens, where human induſtry has united every effort to proclaim the owner's greatneſs; the firſt view of them only excites a cold admiration, and we grow inſenſibly fated with their uniform magnificence. The imagi-

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nation deſpiſes the limits of art; where-ever ſhe diſcovers the hand of labour, ſhe concludes that it was poſſible to have done better; and her expectation is diſappointed. The vain monuments of man are bounded by his weakneſs; but the productions of nature are like herſelf, ſublime.

Monſieur de Themine pointed out to us the effects of that induſtry which he had eſtabliſhed; it preſented a ſcene of eaſe and chearfulneſs, ſimplicity and ſmiling order, the image of peace and freedom. He entered with the villagers into their minuteſt domeſtic concerns, ſettled their differences, furniſhed them with the beſt advice, inquired for the diſtreſſed, ſupplied them with implements for labour, or allotted them a diviſion of land. I never beſtow money, ſaid he; to do that is a miſtaken charity; thoſe who would reap with me, muſt ſow; if you enable the common people to live without

out working, you are an encourager of idleneſs, and the deſtroyer of their induſtry. It has been my care to patroniſe agriculture by ſuitable rewards, by a readineſs to improve the ſtock of the huſbandmen; as I have made each inhabitant lord of his little ſpot, he is animated with a virtuous emulation to rival his neighbour, to which the conſideration that he toils for himſelf, gives additional ſpirit. Thus I have revived in this happy country the charms of paſtoral times, which inſpired our forefathers with an idea of the golden age, and have rendered the plains of Lignon the favourite theme of our poets.

The villager is a ſtranger to the official repreſentatives of juſtice; her balance is cheerfully ſubmitted to in my own deciſions. My tribunal is the ſhade of an ancient oak, under which I ſit at ſtated periods. On Sundays the young people aſſemble in

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the meadows, and amuſe themſelves in different exerciſes; the old men adjudge the rewards that I diſtribute to the conquerors. In the evening they dance to the flute and tabor; at theſe interviews their innocent hearts form the firſt connection; I am delighted with the diſcovery of their infant paſſions, as it recalls to my mind the happineſs of my youth; after inquiry into the manners and characters of the lovers, at their deſire I give my ſanction to the union.

Do you not join with me in admiring this excellent man? Have you not a wiſh to reſide in ſuch a delightful neighbourhood? For my part, I was never ſo enamoured of the fields, and at times am inclined to forſake every thing, aſſume the crook, and lead my flocks along theſe flowery hills; with a proviſion though, that I ſhould not be alone, but accompanied by my faithful ſhepherd. I am

abſo-

abſolutely charmed with this kind of life. Days ſo circling with felicity and peace, that care and anxiety can never intrude! Every morning would riſe bright and ſerene; every golden hour would dance away on down.

But I muſt return to Monſieur de Themine, whoſe converſation I have impertinently broken into, to amuſe you with my own ſallies. The miniſter and I, continued he, alternately make the rounds of the parish. The ſick are by my orders conveyed to a healthy ſituation, and till their recovery, their fields are cultivated by other hands, to whom I ſtand accountable for this extraordinary labour. My infirmary is ſeldom uſed; for regular exerciſe, blameleſs pleaſure, cheerfulneſs of mind, wholeſome food, and pure air, ſupport the peaſants to a good old age, without any inconvenience but the uſual infirmities of that period.

I am

I am often a party in their evening entertainments; their artleſs ſongs bring to my remembrance a time which I can never think of without emotion; I retrace ſituations formerly dear to me; and the diſtance of thirty years vaniſhes in a moment. But, recovering from my dream, I ſigh to find myſelf alone in this happy crowd; and regret the days when the world was not yet a deſert to me. My reaſon, called to my aſſiſtance, ſtruggles long to baniſh theſe gloomy impreſſions; while they reign, the foundations of my happineſs are ſhaken; my ſolitude ſhocks me; all is dreary around me; my books, pictures, gardens, loſe their charms; I fly to my hamlet; the tears of joy that my preſence occaſions, check my own; from making others happy, I endeavour to be ſo myſelf, and at length recover my tranquillity. You will pardon this egotiſm, ſaid he, with a ſmile. In

this cool valley, by the ſide of that ſhady fountain, let us enjoy the frugal dinner prepared for us. Only remember that you are in the company of ſhepherds, and do not expect the dainties of luxurious cities. Through paths bordered by honeyſuckles, we arrived at the foot of the hill, and found by a cryſtaline ſpring, a charming dinner ſet out for us on the graſs. Though the heat was exceſſive, and it was at that hour when the ſun reigns with greateſt fury, we were refreſhed by a delicious coolneſs on its borders; it ſeemed as if all the zephyrs of that quarter had agreed to ſport under the friendly ſhade. Pears, pomegranates, plums, hung on every ſide from the trees, inviting us, with their tempting bloom, to gather them; milk juſt preſſed from the cow foamed in elegantly-turned earthen veſſels; ſimple, ſelected diſhes were perfumed by baſkets

of

of flowers which crowned the rural banquet. The little company, including every one who was dear to me, the ſylvan ſtyle, the lovely ſcene, the ſolitude, the repaſt, the ſhade, the coolneſs, all conſpired to charm me; and the ſerene ſatisfaction of my ſoul glowed in every vein. Faldoni, in a tranſport, ſaid to the Curate, here let us pitch our tents, and bid adieu to the treacherous world. You ſhall be to us the grand druid, Adam, and we will bleſs your patriarchal government. So ſaying, he ſtarted up, and engraved our names on the bark of the adjoining trees. The Curate caught the enthuſiaſm, and exclaimed, how fooliſh are men to travel far in queſt of happineſs which is ever at their own command! Why do they not plunge into the propitious ſhades for an aſylum from the paſſions that tyranniſe in cities? Here the wildeſt animals, the tenants of the air, and the moſt deſpi-

cable

cable worm, are undisturbed and happy. Divine nature, thy voice invites us to thee, thy beauty presents us on every side with a refuge from calamity. Behold the plains, the groves, the fruitful orchards, the limpid streams; earth teeming with riches, heaven majestic in beauty! And yet before the first glimmering of morn, we besiege the antichambers of the Great; we would sell our lives to the pride of patronage; we beg for golden chains, though this corner of earth, bread and liberty, is all that nature requires! How wretched is your situation in cities! Who there enjoys his own existence! What a dungeon for a noble, independent soul, big with its own energy! How impotent is the farce of pomp and greatness in the estimation of the wise! How little is the intention of nature regarded! What becomes of the equality of mankind! Every right is con-

founded in ſociety; man frames a ladder for his fellow creature's ambition; forges the ſtatue of an imaginary deity, and then adores it. Here at leaſt I worſhip only the King of the univerſe; he hears the vows I offer, and I am free from the apprehenſion of their being rejected. When on a fine ſummer's day, ſitting at the foot of a tree with Plutarch or Fenelon, I view nature ſmiling round me in all her charms; when I hear the melody of the foreſt; when the aromatic ſouls of flowers are communicated to my ſcent by the gentle breezes; then, in the raviſhment of my ſenſes, I raiſe my thankſgivings to God; bleſs him for having called me from nothing, for having beſtowed on me a capability to taſte the beauties of nature, and placed before my eyes the real goods of life, and the never-fating variety of his creation.

This

This charming discourse was interrupted by the sound of flagelets and hautboys; when a company of villagers, rather neat than fine, made their appearance. They began dancing; we joined them; and night surprised us in the midst of our pastime, which we prolonged, by the light of the moon. The hour of separation, to my regret, came at length; I lamented the loss of the last happy day I was to enjoy; and with a wishful look at the delightful country, bade it adieu. Who can tell if I shall ever view it once more! Nothing escapes the influence of change and succession; the pleasures of the evening do not gild the morrow. As we passed an hermitage in a flowery valley, we were tempted to enter it; for Monsieur de Themine had told us wonders of the anchoret who resided there. He had lived in it five years, detached

from ſociety; the occaſion, that fatal paſſion love, and the loſs by death of the beloved object; he ſighed away his days in this terreſtrial paradiſe, as if it had been a place of torment. We found him ſitting at a table with a book open; a dying lamp glimmered through the duſky apartment, which had no furniture but a ſtraw bed, and a woman's night-gown that hung from the ceiling. He looked anxiouſly at the company, and, on ſeeing me, ſtarted. I ſuppoſed that my ſex and age brought to his remembrance an affecting object, and I began to blame a viſit which might make his old wounds bleed anew. Yet he appeared to receive and hear us with tolerable compoſure, and anſwered our queſtions without heſitation; but Faldoni having ventured to mention his loſs to him, at the firſt word he dropped, the hermit aroſe

distractedly, the tears gushed from his eyes, he stamped on the ground, and said in a tone which made us tremble, she is there! and removing some planks that covered a coffin, he presented a spectacle of horror that still harrows my imagination. Faldoni exclaimed, you loved, and did not follow her! He turned to me, his eyes swimming with tears; mine were not dry, and I was conscious that our hearts beat in unison. Young man, replied the hermit, I do more, I continue in the world, and weep for her loss. If it be your fate to love, intreat Heaven, that you may escape my destiny; or you will own that it is easier to die than to imitate me. My mother made many apologies for having disturbed him, and we returned to our carriage, deeply impressed with this affecting scene. In crossing the grove of poplars near the hermitage,

I shuddered with horror, for the moon-beams formed a thousand capricious shapes in the shade, and presented a group of melancholy figures wandering, as it were, among the tombs! The murmur of the streams, and the leaves shook by the wind, resembled the doleful notes of lamentation. I saw the phantom of the unfortunate lady plunge into the gloomy glades of the forest; a tremor unknown before seized my soul. Such is the end of sublunary pleasure! What necessity was there for our visiting the hermitage! I shall never forget the owner, or his mistress; still appears that dreadful coffin; sometimes I fancy myself shut in it, Faldoni by the side; the little he said to the hermit dwells on my ear. Ah! cousin, how congenial are my own sentiments with his! Woe to those who love! But whoever ventures to love, let it be for life, and

death;

death; they have then but one prayer to make, that they may expire together!

LETTER XLIV.

FALDONI TO TERESA.

O MY Teresa! what a charming walk we yesterday enjoyed, I fancied myself transported with you to Thessaly, among nymphs and shepherdesses. What a delightful habitation! What a beautiful country! Let us bid adieu to the odious world; let us forsake artificial cities, and the wretched crowds that people them; let us give ourselves up to the enjoyment of nature, and partake of happiness with the good creatures who are so well acquainted with its value. Charming friend, why should we be ingulphed in the vortex of society? How many precious moments we lose in the insipid circle of tedious amusements, painful services, unavoidable dissimulation, and fashionable restraint? Are not

our

our ſouls ſtrangers to the ſurrounding crowd? Or are their manners and converſation ſuited to our own? Ah! let us fly to embrace felicity in this her aſylum; let my mother, that dear part of us, and our amiable paſtor, be our companions! A blooming ſolitude, a habitation void of pomp and luxury, a garden, and groves interſected by living ſtreams, will form our rural riches. If we can add to theſe a few acres of vineyard ſmiled on by the ſun; a field of wheat waving its yellow treſſes to the breeze; a little pond that may afford us amuſement with its ſportive inhabitants; and a yard the well-peopled dominion of a feathered monarch; what can be wanting to our wiſhes? The ever-varying delights of a country life ſhall fill up the enjoyment of all our days; each returning morning ſhall awake us to new pleaſure. Thus year on year will roll away without regret,

and we ſhall grow old imperceptibly. I will myſelf be the principal gardener; you ſhall ſee me, ſweet friend, ſtooping with the rake, and bathed in my own dews, courting nature to ſupport my family, and pleaſed with my induſtry, you will ſay, the huſband whom I have choſen is not unworthy of me! My children, taught by my example, will deſpiſe idleneſs, confeſs that man is born for labour, and that he ought to pay it as a price for the benefits he receives from the teeming earth. They will learn to reſpect the condition of a huſbandman, and think it better to cultivate their own garden than to corrupt their manners by acquiring the dangerous poliſh of the city. We will collect around us the honeſt villagers, and together form but one virtuous family. Our meals ſhall be enlivened with the ſallies of mirth and freedom; the labourer ſhall repair to them for refreſhment from

toil; our farmer, his wife, his children, the Curate of the hamlet, some worthy veteran retired from service, whom we may beat up in his rural retreat, shall form the circle of our guests. The converſation at table ſhall never turn on the vices or follies of the abſent; the city ſhall not be our theme, may it for us be loſt in oblivion for ever! One ſhall explain the beſt method of enriching the land with ſeed, and what are the ſureſt remedies for the diſorders of cattle; another ſhall relate ſome anecdote of benevolence, or draw the picture of domeſtic felicity. We, my Teresa, will point out the path of wiſdom, the tranquillity of the mind, and its ſum of enjoyment; how the ſoul may riſe ſuperior to the calamities of life, and preſerve an equal temper under the frowns of fortune; how the moderation of deſires enriches the good in the humbleſt condition. Divine

felicity! undisturbed repose! ye delights unknown to the depraved! take full possession of our enraptured bosoms! What can the heart desire more than serenity of mind, the enjoyment of the real goods of nature, the bloom of youth, and the balm of health? I know not, my charmer, whether the beauties of this my favourite picture meet equally with your approbation? But a sketch of rural life ravishes and inflames my imagination; an agreeable prospect in the country transports me; I never view a flowery meadow, a tufted grove, a valley shaded with verdure, without abandoning my soul to the most pleasurable ideas; I feel at the time an inward satisfaction, a freedom from ambition, a soothing inactivity, which no colours of eloquence can display. In this pure balsamic atmosphere, impregnated with the essences of flowers and the vegetable odours of so many plants,

I breathe

I breathe without reſtraint; my organs dilate with freedom, and my blood dances in every vein; my thoughts flow with readineſs, my judgment is clearer, and my heart lighter; I forget mankind, their paſſions, their intrigues, the injuries they have done me, their contemptible pride, and their cruel prejudices. Thus exalted in meditation, I raiſe myſelf to the Divinity, converſe with the ever Bleſſed, declare to him my pleaſures and my pains, nor wiſh for the mediation of men between him and me. I often examine the philoſophy of my underſtanding, inveſtigate the receſſes of my heart, erect a tribunal for my errors, condemn or abſolve myſelf, conſider the good that remains for me to perform, and always ſtart from theſe agreeable reveries with the reſolution of becoming a better man. Sometimes the brightneſs of the moon in a ſtill evening,

brings

brings to my mind the image of countries enlightened by its beams, and formerly the ſcenes of my entertainment in my travels; my fancy darts acroſs the ocean, gliſtening with ſilver luſtre, in majeſty like that I admired, when my veſſel floated on the waves under the auſpices of the queen of night. I mingle with my old acquaintance in the Antilles; my ſoul, ſoftened by ſuch intereſting remembrances, enjoys again the viſions of pleaſure that exhilarated my youth. Often in my ſolitary walks I form ſchemes of happineſs for my friends as well as myſelf. What delightful hours have been my portion in theſe agreeable reveries! I have enjoyed in idea the riches created by my imagination; have viewed enchanting proſpects around me; and have, my dear Tereſa, converſed with you; wained at your ſide; conducted you to a

cottage

cottage brightened by your presence, and rendered in my estimation more magnificent than a palace. There I have partaken of your domestic attentions; have seen you with peculiar sensibility and benevolence welcome the unfortunate, and send them away with the smile of content; comfort a falling family, supremely blest in being known to you, and winning your protection. With what transport have I witnessed your unassuming goodness! When shall the wish of my heart be gratified! When shall I vow at your feet to live and to die with you! Alas! Time flies on the swiftest pinions; the hours vanish beyond recovery; and my life is consumed in fruitless expectation. The bloom of your youth too will fade, like a fair rose that withers in the scorching beams of noon. Oh! my Teresa, must I still continue to glow with

desire,

desire, to hope, to languish, and to despair? Must I view the season of happiness fly away without enjoying it? Were our existence here immortal, I should say to my soul, wait with patience and be happy. But every moment shortens the term of my earthly residence, and life will soon close without fruit or a second spring. Let us not deceive ourselves, my lovely friend, there are pleasures suited to every age; but those vivifying juices that support and enliven our being, that elementary flame which rushes through our veins, giving energy to love, warmth and ravishment to the senses, those ethereal treasures of the animal system are exhausted when the bloom of youth decays. Desire loses its keenness, and our maturity, at the same time that it renders our days more serene, deprives us of the enchantment of love. What

business

buſineſs have we in the world, in our preſent wretched ſtate of uncertainty! Shall our happineſs depend on the arbitrary will of a man, when the juſtice of the Supreme has formed us for each other, and irreſiſtibly connects us by a mutual attachment? Shall the ſentence of a tyrant reverſe the decree of fate, and precipitate us, contrary to natural appointment, in an abyſs of ſufferings! What law, engraven on braſs, obliges us to bow beneath this cruel yoke! Do you not hear a voice within ſay, be happy! ſeize, while you may, the flaſh of evaneſcent pleaſure! To-morrow, this evening, perhaps in an hour, it is gone for ever. I conjure you, by Love, let us not truſt to the diſaſtrous chances of futurity; let us not ſtake the colour of our lives on the puerile deluſions of hope. O you, whom I have dared for once to call my wife,

you

you who are dearer to me than myſelf, my friend, my companion, the charm and delight of my heart, liſten to my prayer, and ſince an affectionate mother approves of my felicity, condeſcend to ſanction it with your ſeal; condeſcend to give me yourſelf for ever. Let your lover lead you to the altar. Ah! come, my dear Tereſa! come, and receive the vow that I make, to adore you to the laſt pulſe of my life! My ſwelling heart overflows with love; it pants for a diſcloſure of its paſſion; languiſhes and conſumes with its flame. The world around me, where I do not trace you, appears a deſert; melancholy and forlorn, my mind ſees the face of nature wrapped in funereal gloom. I can no longer exiſt without you; I glow with impatient deſire to fold you to my breaſt; a thouſand phantoms, formed by my ſickly imagination,

continually disturb me on my pillow, imbitter the hours of rest, and leave me no respite at the return of light. It is your company alone, my angel, that restores me the serenity of my soul. You put to flight all those inauspicious vapours, as the lustre of the morning dispels the shades; a word from your lips, a glance from your eyes, gives me composure and spirit. But what shall I do? Heavens! what will become of me, should you be snatched from me; should a father——Ah! his name freezes me with alarm! I dread his return; an unaccountable presentiment tells me that it will prove our ruin. Let us make haste to prevent it. Leave your riches behind; bring only your inestimable graces. Our asylum is near; nature has adorned it with her own hand; and pleasure shall embellish it; my little fortune will be adequate to

our

our wants; and for what can we wish beside? A fondness for superfluities only makes splendid wretches; and he who bounds not his desires, is truly poor.

LET-

LETTER XLV.

TERESA TO FALDONI.

HOW tranſitory are the ſmiles of pleaſure! After enjoying that delightful day, when you quitted me, I ſeemed abandoned by the univerſe. Alas! how then ſhall I ſupport the idea of the ſeparation which you appear to foreſee? But why do you, my beſt beloved, you whoſe loſs nothing could ſupply to my heart, diſtreſs me with your complaints? Why do we not rather enjoy the happy moments which fortune puts in our power? Let us not anticipate the future with ſolicitude; and torment ourſelves with an idea of what may never happen. Your melancholy afflicts me; for my boſom ſympathizes in all your ſentiments. I wiſh to ſee

you

you in poſſeſſion of content; and could I procure it for you, would ſacrifice my own peace of mind for the ſake of your's. In theſe fair fields, with hoary prudence, and village honeſty, why may I not, in your company, forget the world, and, rich in poſſeſſion of your heart, leave the reſt of mankind to the tyranny of intereſt and ambition? What then would all the fortunes on earth be to me? A cottage and you, my dear Faldoni, would be the pinnacle of my pride. Are not you my treaſure; and could I fail of bliſs in the narrow aſylum to which fate would confine me with you? Yes, my friend, let Heaven unite us, and I ſubmit to its ſevereſt diſpenſations. With you I could cheerfully endure miſery, misfortune, deſertion of mankind, and death. I ſhould prefer a wilderneſs with you to all the glitter of a court in your abſence. You ſhould ſee me ſtrip off

the

the pageantry of luxury, and exchange the vain ornaments of my ſex for the ruſſet gown; inure my hands to labour, ſhare your fatigues, and comfort myſelf under my ſufferings with the hopes of relieving your's. You aſk me, if, like you, I have a taſte for the ſimplicity of rural pleaſures. Depend on it, they are dear to me. They leave no ſting of regret or repentance behind; and are the only ones adapted to our nature. Who has leiſure in cities to love himſelf as he ought, amid the confuſion of buſineſs and the agitation of ſociety? It is in the country that two hearts in tender union may correſpond with each other; ſurrounded with the charms of nature, they are irreſiſtibly diſpoſed to a mutual confidence; their ſenſibility is quickened, but not diſtracted. At ſight of a fine landſcape there ſeems to be a neceſſity of expreſſing the pleaſure it inſpires; we muſt

impart

impart the happineſs which we receive. In the company of a friend, the fields appear more gay, the air more pure, the day more bright; the magic of his countenance enlivens all around it. Yes, I anticipate the bliſsful life which we ſhall enjoy: only one thing will be wanting to complete our gratification, the conſent of my father; but God, the diſpoſer of hearts, can he not change even his? And if our union is ſanctioned by the awful decrees of his wiſe providence, can all the powers of man prevent it? Truſt me, we have every thing to hope for from eternal Juſtice, the diſtributer of good and evil, who rewards and puniſhes, and who reſerves a crown for virtue, ſometimes indeed late received, but ever certain. You doubt whether time may not weaken my affection, and involve the ſincerity of my heart in the decay of my beauty. How unjuſt are your apprehenſions! And do

you dread the inconſtancy of me who loved you before I had ſeen you; of me who was intereſted in your favour by your name alone; and who could not hear you ſpoken of without a bluſh? Ah! Faldoni, how dear were you to me, even when I was unacquainted with your partiality! What did I not ſuffer till my mother approved of my paſſion! What inward ſtruggles to ſuſtain! They were too violent for me; my health declined; you ventured to write to me; I was imprudent enough to anſwer you; and relieved my heart at the expence of my duty; I felt myſelf more at eaſe, when I had depoſited my ſecret in your boſom; but, at the ſame time, experienced the remorſe of guilt; and if any thing lightened the conſciouſneſs of my fault, it was the opinion of your virtue, I demanded ſacrifices of you; your obedience, while it proved the ſincerity of your love, added fuel

to mine; many times was I tempted to recall you from the banishment to which the dread of having you too near obliged me to sentence you; my wishes were just kindling to see you again, when you rushed from your solitude. The alarming situation of a father called you to Italy; you came to bid me adieu. What an adieu! the scene will never be erased from my memory. My mother, who might have been offended at my confession, was softened by it; from the good curate's kind offices, she was disposed to be our advocate; yet that was the instant chosen by you for your departure. I own that at first your conduct provoked me; but how ready was I to plead your justification! How could I refuse my esteem to this noble effort of filial piety? The more it interested me, the more I felt the weight of your absence; my indisposition increased; I fell into a dangerous consumption, and was at the

point

point of death, when you again made your appearance. Shall I tell you that your preſence reſtored me to life? Shall I tell you, that the hope of being united to you revived in my almoſt extinguiſhed ſenſes the love of exiſtence? Oh! how charming to me was the idea of loving you without reſerve! How proud was I of my paſſion! What an enchanting appearance every thing aſſumed in my eyes! How utiful the face of nature! Nothing was indifferent to me; the ſuſceptibility of my feelings extended to every object; never was I happier, and would gladly in the ſame manner ſpend the remainder of my days. Conſider this, my Faldoni, and you muſt own how groundleſs are your complaints. What is wanting to our felicity? Every thing ſmiles on us; our flame need not be concealed from my mother; ſhe grants to our fondneſs all the ho-

neſt freedom we can deſire; for whole days we are in each other's company; you come in the morning, and do not retire till night; a diverſity of amuſements employs and ſhortens our time. Do you recollect the concert at which you ſung that ſimple and affecting air? Our tears flowed at the tender notes, and the muſic was a while ſuſpended. We experience all the pleaſures of an amorous confidence. Our eyes no longer court the ground, when they meet; but we read in them, without reſerve, our mutual felicity. I can hardly find leiſure to diſcharge my little duties to my mother. Inſatiable tyrant that you are! it is you who engroſs my time. Not a motion, nor a word of mine but is inſpired by you. Formerly I did not let a week ſlip without writing to my couſin; but of late I have neglected, forgotten her; indeed I forget all but you; I ſee nothing but you; to direct my thoughts

I con-

I conſult your looks; and read in them what I ſhall ſay, or do. Tell me who loves with greater fondneſs than mine, and the example ſhall provoke my emulation. No, Faldoni, none loves like me; nor feels my torment when I am doomed to paſs an hour without ſeeing you; no, it cannot be that any one can deſire your preſence more ardently, wait for you with more impatience, or behold your return with a ſincerer joy. O you who can exhilarate me with a ſmile, name, if you know it, a more faithful attachment. You urge me to forſake my father, and to form, without his conſent, an illegal connection. Could I madly agree to ſo wild a ſcheme; do you imagine that, with the authority of law, he would not ſoon tear me from your arms, and perhaps cruſh you with the weight of his vengeance? Or would my mother herſelf befriend your impatience? You muſt not flat-

ter yourſelf with ſuch an expectation. That good mother is too jealous of my happineſs, to countenance me in ſo imprudent and forward a conduct. I forewarn you, that ſhe is my confident; that I have ſhown her your letter and my own; and that by her direction I write this caveat. She ſays that you are a child; that you raiſe chimeras to oppoſe them; and that contrary to you, ſhe is perſuaded your paſſion will be crowned at laſt. She hopes, by a prudent delay, gradually to win Mr. de St. Cyran's approbation of her choice and arrangements; in the mean time ſhe recommends to you the utmoſt diſcretion. She daily expects Madam d'Armian, who has great influence with my father, and whom ſhe will intreat to give us all the ſupport in her power. This is a fair ſtatement of our circumſtances, and I muſt own that to

me

me they do not appear deſperate. Forbear then to indulge a melancholy which diſtreſſes me. For Heaven's ſake! ſuppreſs your uneaſineſs, and let me believe at leaſt that I ſuffer alone. Poſſibly our deſigns may be fruſtrated, but it will be time enough to lament when that happens. Why ſhould the apprehenſion of diſtant evil imbitter the good which we enjoy?—You are going to loſe a friend for a few months; Mr.——— the Curate is obliged to leave us, that he may ſettle with his ſucceſſor for the government of his old pariſh; but you will have the company of my dear Conſtantia; ſhe is coming with her mother, and will ſpend her autumn at Ormes, agreeably to her promiſe. Do not diſturb my ſatisfaction on this occaſion by your complaints; but rather ſhare the happineſs I ſhall enjoy in poſſeſſing ſo good a friend. She

is my other ſelf; diſputes my heart with you, and love is not a more active ſentiment than our friendſhip. How many things ſhall we have to communicate after an abſence of ſix months? What changes have happened ſince our ſeparation! When ſhe left me, who could foreſee that you would become the maſter of my fate, you who had hardly engaged my attention? But you were to triumph over my defenceleſs heart, and to break my repoſe with the ſtorm of paſſion. However that affectionate friend anticipated what has happened. Love her, Faldoni, love her with all your ſoul; you are more indebted to her than you can imagine. She by her divine eloquence encouraged me to admit a new ſentiment; ſhe firſt drew your panegyric, before my eyes were fatally dazzled with your merits, even before you were known

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to me. But I do not wish her to feel the thousand anxieties of which she has been the innocent cause, and which it was not in her power to prevent devoted as my heart was to love you.

LETTER XLVI.

FALDONI TO THE CURATE.

WHERE is my dear Mentor? How are you employed at this diſtance from a friend who is miſerable in your abſence? Where are thoſe hours when I confided my ſecret diſtreſſes to your boſom? You were my comforter, my guide and my ſupport; not a thought but I communicated to you; you ſympathized with me in my ſorrow, and reſtored to my ſoul the enlivening beams of hope and joy. Alas! thoſe days of confidence and tranquillity are fled, when in the form of a venerable paſtor, I beheld wiſdom graciouſly condeſcend to dwell among us, and to join in our paſtimes; when my worthy friend enjoyed the felicity of two lovers, and ſhared their tender emo-

emotions. O my benefactor! you deprived me of my pleasures by your removal.—Whence comes this heaviness of heart, and what reason have I to complain? Favours and attentions are lavished on me; Miss de St. Cyran has not altered her sentiments respecting me; and yet my cheeks are bedewed with involuntary tears! It is too true, that my happiness is on the decline. I see the days of misfortune approach; we are beginning to separate. It is dreadful to part, when we have been accustomed to the pleasure of seeing each other; the soul tears herself with anguish from the society she has chosen. But what in the world continues at one stay? We loved each other; we lived together in perfect harmony; the connection must be broken; and thus nature prepares us for the shock of our final separation. Time flies, and brushes away human friendship with his wings,

as the wind diſperſes the duſt. Acquaintances remove at a diſtance from each other, without meeting again; or if they reviſit old ſcenes, are ſurpriſed to find that they have loſt their charm. In this caſe the heart is not changed; but ſituations ceaſe to be the ſame. Fatal variety! that deſtroys the enchantment of a laſting and peaceable poſſeſſion. But let me drop theſe diſagreeable reflections for a gayer ſubject.

Miſs d'Armian is arrived; Madam de St. Cyran, her daughter, Mr. de Themine who came on purpoſe to ſee her, and myſelf, ſat out to meet her on the road. As ſoon as Conſtantia could diſcover her couſin, ſhe ſtretched out her arm at the window of the carriage, and ſhook her handkerchief. O dear Mamma, cried Tereſa, it is ſhe! it is ſhe! and darted forward like lightning. Conſtantia called out to the coachman to drive faſter,

faſter, and ſprang half out of the carriage. It was charming to ſee the impatience of the two affectionate fair ones. At laſt the company joined them; Madam d'Armian, and her daughter got out; the two couſins, after ſaluting their aunts, flew into each other's arms, without ſpeaking; and mingled their tears for want of utterance. I envied their felicity; and comparing their calm ſatisfaction with the tumultuous tranſports of love, I almoſt wiſhed to have been the friend of Tereſa, rather than her lover. She walked a good way before us with her couſin; the two mothers proceeded together, and Mr. de Themine was my companion. In converſing on the ſcene which we had juſt witneſſed, I took occaſion to ſpeak in praiſe of friendſhip. The ambitious, ſaid I, aſpires after honours; the covetous ſeeks to enrich himſelf; the voluptuous man chooſes eaſe and

plea-

pleaſure; but every body agrees in wiſhing for a friend. There have been wretches who have dared to blaſpheme the Moſt High, and to deny his exiſtence; but there is no barbarian ſo intractable as not to be won by friendſhip. Robbers unite with their brother-robbers; vice has her connections as well as virtue; it is true, that thoſe unnatural leagues are not more durable than inundations; but they prove at leaſt the extenſive empire of friendſhip, which is as neceſſary to man as the fire. What is friendſhip, but an interchange of affection and ſervices, founded on virtue and the ſympathy of ſouls? Deprive ſociety of this reciprocal benevolence, and you break every tie. Man depends on man; the king of this lower creation is of all beings the moſt indigent; he requires cloaths to cover him, which the brute has received from nature; in infancy and in age he needs the aſſiſtance of

his

his fellow creatures; even in youth he grows melancholy, if alone; but he eſcapes from himſelf in the arms of a friend; there his fears vaniſh, and he feels himſelf equal to every enterpriſe.

The union of two ſouls, replied Mr. de Themine, did it correſpond with our beſt ideas of it, would be the moſt perfect ſtate in nature; but the depravity of mankind is too great to reach a condition ſo divine. We muſt ſuppoſe in two perſons a ſweet conformity of manners, a harmony of reciprocal eſteem, the ready ſacrifice of private intereſt, a devotion to the laws of friendſhip, fidelity, diſcretion, zeal and conſtancy; in ſhort, an aſſemblage of all the ſocial virtues.

I am aware, I anſwered, that it is too much to hope for a faultleſs friend; we muſt undoubtedly make an allowance for human frailty; but if the heart is good, the defects of conſti-

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tution, and temperance, pardonable. How delightful to draw a generous veil over the infirmities of a friend, and to throw a luſtre on the object of our attachment! There are moments of partiality, when, to render it more eſtimable, we would borrow the illuſions of love. How charming to ſerve eſſentially the brother of our heart, to draw from the concealment of his boſom a confeſſion of his neceſſities, to promote his innocent pleaſures, and to partake with him the leaſt of his diſtreſſes! Friendſhip has been repreſented under the emblem of a woman with one hand on her heart, and the other embracing a leafleſs tree; affecting imagery! For what is friendſhip without misfortune? What virtue without trial? To be careſſed in proſperity is common; the world abounds with flatterers ever ready to ſell their friendſhip to the higheſt bidder; but to rally our ſtrength, to combat the adverſity

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of a friend, to ſuffer with him in diſgrace; to turn our backs on the world, that we may comfort a being who ſeems abandoned by the univerſe; this it is which renders friendſhip of all human ſentiments, the moſt auguſt and divine. Who can view with indifference Oreſtes and Pylades contending to die for each other? Does not an example of ſuch generoſity call forth the tears of wonder and love? What conſolation dwells in friendſhip! What a charm it diffuſes through life! To be beloved is ſo tranſporting, that it ſeems to be ſharing a portion of divinity. And can there be found a heart ſo impenetrable as to deſpiſe the freedom of this amiable intercourſe, the commerce of benevolence and exchange of ſervices? No gloom can darken our days which a friend may not diſſipate; whatever evils we bear, the lot of humanity, we forget in his converſation; there

is beſides a ſecret pleaſure enjoyed in ſuffering together, in mingling our tears, in mutually imparting our diſtreſſes.——I was ſtill ſpeaking, when the ladies came up to us; the converſation then became general, and we retook the road to the caſtle.

I ſhall never forget a friend I gained when a lad. It is not very common to ſee a grave and prudent man entertain a playful boy, take him for a companion in his walks, and introduce him to his acquaintance. I uſed to viſit him dirty as I came from ſchool, with ſcarce a coat to my back, and all the giddineſs of fourteen. I tumbled over his books and prints; carried them away, and ſometimes drew bad copies from them, which he carefully framed. I recall with rapture the winter evenings, when ſitting in the chimney-corner by his venerable father, the repreſentative of the patriarchs, above eighty

years

years old, we framed our intereſting lectures. The houſekeeper, ſtanding behind our chairs, liſtened with an attentive ear, and joined her ſage reflections with ours. His habitation was as limited as his fortune, and theſe delightful evenings were often ſpent in a little nook that ſerved him for a kitchen. There, while the frugal ſupper was preparing, we prolonged our diſcourſe, either in the grave or comic ſtyle; the good old man related to us at large the adventures of his youth, and we, with our legs ſtretched out on the hearth, devoured the narration. I never enjoyed any hours with ſuch ſatisfaction; for I was proud of bearing a part in ſociety, and of converſing with men, as till that time I had talked with none but children. It was the beſt of holidays to me, when I viſited my neighbour; and flew up his ſteps like a lark. How my heart

danced

danced with joy, when he opened his hoſpitable door! On feſtivals or days of leave, I repaired thither early; he took his ſtaff, called his dog, and we rambled in the adjoining fields. Often in wintry weather, and even the ſevereſt froſts of January, we thus walked out together, and I reckoned it an indulgence. I ſoon finiſhed the courſe of my ſtudies, ſat out on my travels, and loſt ſight of that worthy man. On my return home, I inquired diligently for him, but, alas! what havock is made in a few years! He had left his old lodging, to me ſo particularly dear; his ancient father was dead, and only his houſekeeper remained with him. I called on him, but it was no longer he; he hardly recollected me; the ſhocks of fortune had diſturbed his brain; he ſeemed to vegetate in a ſtate of childhood; and I turned my eyes from him to conceal my

my tears. Wretched lot of humanity! that the powers of reaſon ſhould lie at the mercy of every breeze! Dare you then arrogantly triumph in the advantages of underſtanding, you whom the leaſt defect in the ſmalleſt wheel of this frail machine may reduce to the level of inſtinct in brutes? My friend did not long ſurvive the decay of his faculties; he had run his career, and death only ſeized the remainder of his prey. Before this humiliating change, no man was happier; every thing amuſed him; he was never diſcontented; and had the art of giving value to the moſt inſignificant trifles.

Excuſe my dwelling on ſuch minute particulars; who, Sir, knows to eſtimate them ſo well as you? It is a relief to my heart to give this account in writing; and I feel an additional pleaſure in paying the tribute

bute of gratitude to friendship, in the presence of a friend who has made me such ample amends for my loss.

LETTER XLVII.

TO THE SAME.

WE gave an invitation to Madam d'Armian, her daughter, and ſome ſtrangers, to take a walk in the park. As we entered the orangery, our two friends were agreeably ſurpriſed at the ſight of a green pavillion, ornamented with feſtoons, which ſeemed to hang naturally from the branches. Seats of turf on the inſide, ſprinkled with roſes, pinks, and tuberoſes, ſurrounded a table covered with cream, paſtry and the fineſt fruits in ſeaſon. We placed ourſelves promiſcuouſly round the table, while a gentle ſtream murmured at our feet, and a chorus of birds warbled in the ſhade. Madam d'Armian and her daughter, who preſided at the feaſt, enjoyed it with rapture. As the healths of the company circu-

circulated, a concert ſaluted them from the adjoining grove; and the ſound of inſtruments, blended with the melody of varied voices, allured them to approach the muſicians. Our gueſts flew to a ſpacious hall, formed by infoliated arcades, and bordered with a verdant amphitheatre, which furniſhed a ſeat to the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages; ſuch a numerous multitude appeared in ſtriking contraſt with the deep ſilence of the woods, that inſpired an enthuſiaſtic idea of ſacred ſolitude. A variety of ſcenery was diſplayed under the trees, and ſeveral paſtoral pieces were repreſented by children with ingenuity ſuperior to their age. In another part a knot of young men and maids, gathered round a ſet of venerable fathers and matrons, exhibited a lively picture of a village-evening. As ſoon as the ſignal was given from the orcheſtra, the actors aroſe, and forming

them-

themſelves into two companies, began the dance. A young maid, dreſſed in white, of beauty not to be viewed with indifference, was led by a young man, whoſe figure was turned by the graces. Their hands bloomed with noſegays, which they preſented to Madam d'Armian and her daughter; the lovely couple had that day paid their vows at the altar of Hymen; and Miſs de St. Cyran from her own ſavings and a few preſents from her mother, portioned the bride. She had fixed the period of her couſin's arrival for that of their union; it was her deſign, ſhe ſaid, to concentre her gratifications, and to dedicate ſo welcome a day to the pleaſure of making others happy. When the ſports were over, we walked to an alley of lofty trees, where a ſumptuous repaſt was prepared; the ladies ſat down to table, the gentlemen ſtood behind to wait their pleaſure, and to receive

their hoſpitable attentions. It was charming to ſee the long chain of damſels uniformly decorated, and the village-ſwains their humble ſervants, with favours of ribbons ſtreaming from their hats. The mirth that ſhone in their countenances, the ſallies of laughter, the repartees, the merry tales, the ſongs, the cheerful freedom, exceeded the powers of deſcription. Their happineſs was communicated to me, and a tide of pleaſure glided through my veins. Tereſa and Conſtantia were too much engaged in doing the honours of the feſtival to ſhare our amuſement. The air reſounded with their names, and the bleſſings of the gueſts mingled with the muſic of ruſtic couplets. They continued dancing till the black wings of night overſhadowed the plain. Artificial fireworks were then diſplayed from the canal. The front of the caſtle, the avenues of the park, and the parterres, were

all illuminated. The columns of light that ſtreamed from the flowery alcoves, the rockets that in their fall ſpangled the air with ſtars, and covered us with a ſudden blaze, the magic influence of a fine evening, the notes of inſtruments, the agreeable confuſion of ſongs and voices in ſo numerous an aſſembly, joined to render it a moſt enchanting ſpectacle. I am now going to refreſh myſelf with a little ſleep; for you are to know, that I was maſter of the ceremonies, inſtructed the children to behave, taught them their dramatic parts, diſpoſed the decorations, and attended to the preſervation of order. Theſe arrangements were my ſtudy for a fortnight, and the dread of miſcarrying in the attempt made me paſs many reſtleſs evenings. I hope this will be a quiet one, and I mean to repoſe on my laurels, if ſlumber will indeed be courted to compoſe my eyes.

But how ſhall I forget *her* for a moment? How ceaſe to gaze on that angel ſurrounded by all thoſe who are indebted to her for happineſs, and partaker with them in joy? What a triumph! How every way worthy of her heart! I never heard a panegyric ſo intereſting as that of the peaſants who adore her. Some knelt before her; ſome having kiſſed the hem of her garment, walked away with exquiſite ſatisfaction; others ſeemed beſide themſelves from their exultation at obtaining her ſmile. This is not merely being beloved, but incroaching on the privilege of the Deity. I led the two couſins through the mirthful crowd into the park. We walked ſometime in a lonely grove, where the joyous tumult could only reach us in a dying murmur. Tereſa, holding her couſin's hand, fetched a deep ſigh; and her handkerchief happening to fall, on taking it up, I perceived

ceived it wet with her tears. Alas! I cried, it is easier to promote the happiness of others than our own. Faldoni, she replied, this has been too blissful a day; henceforth I must expect nothing but misfortunes. To banish her melancholy, Constantia brought us back to the convivial circle, where the merriment, noise, and bustle, relieved us with a seasonable dissipation. The dancing continued till day-break. Then Teresa took her cousin and me by the arm, and we sat down together on a hilloc in the middle of the park. From thence we viewed the first blushes of the morn; Venus sparkled with her unrivalled lustre; the horizon was diversified with purple and silver clouds; all nature around us in a perfect calm; scarce could the notes of the violin affect our ear with their faint vibrations. Teresa raised her watry eyes to Heaven, and then looked on me

with inexpreſſible tenderneſs. A gentle melancholy took poſſeſſion of our ſouls; and our reflections became ſerious. Tereſa reminded me of the infant ſeaſon of our loves, that ſeaſon ſo delightful, and ſo ſwiftly fled. We were once happy! ſhe cried, but ſhall we always continue ſo? Shall our bliſs endure even for a moderate period? Are not our hearts themſelves ſubject to change like every thing in nature? I am too well acquainted with the uncertainty of events, to depend on laſting ſatisfaction. Seeing that I wept, ſhe ſaid, why diſtreſs yourſelf, my friend? It becomes us to be prepared for every reverſe of fortune. Probably the days of our felicity are at an end; do not let us entertain a falſe notion of our condition; that reſts with Providence, who can render it for ever proſperous; but you ſee what dangers threaten us; let us therefore be grateful to Heaven for

every

every additional day of happineſs; for my part I dare not hope for another. It is my opinion, that human prudence ſhould be confined, not to the prevention of evils which we dread without having power to avoid them; but gratefully to enjoy the real benefits beſtowed on us. Let us love each other, my dear Faldoni, with the ſame fondneſs as if we were ſure to part to-morrow; to part, did I ſay? no rather as if we were to reſign our lives; for I flatter myſelf, ſhe added, giving me her hand, in a tone that penetrated to my heart, I flatter myſelf that our engagement will be the concern of our lives. I covered her hand with kiſſes and tears; ſhe aroſe, and taking the noſegay from her boſom; let us conſecrate, ſhe cried, this ſpot where I have perhaps received the laſt pleaſure I am to enjoy. With this, ſhe laid the flowers on the turf where

ſhe was ſitting. Enchanting ſpot! which I ſhall never approach without veneration. Her noſegay will fade; but our hearts, I may venture to ſwear, will ever glow with the ſame affection.

LETTER XLVIII.

FALDONI TO TERESA.

MY DEAR TERESA,

THE profound traces of the melancholy that preys on my mind have not escaped you; with a tender solicitude you have endeavoured to remove it; and your generous labours have had every success that might have been expected; my features have resumed their former gaiety; my heart has danced in your presence, and I have said to myself, I am at last happy! Dear momentary illusion, too flattering dream, destroyed at the first dawn of light! Restored to reflection, and removed from the enchantress that had amused me, I become myself again, and feel nothing but my own wretchedness. Lovely friend,

may you continue to live in peace! Your ſoul is pure as the opening morn; you have no reaſon, like me, to groan with ſelf-accuſation. Ah, my father! how often did you foretell every thing that has happened to me. Why did I not liſten to your prudent remonſtrances? But youth is heedleſs, preſumptuous, and entirely borne away by its own impetuoſity. As the days of my childhood were expiring, I began to look about me; I perceived that in my native country there was neither fortune for me, nor ſucceſs to be expected; reſpect was confined to riches, and riches were only to be acquired by intrigue. Born with a haughty ſoul, fond of independence, and an enemy to all meanneſs, what could I do? The proſpect dejected me, my temper was on the rack of anguiſh. I preferred baniſhment and miſery; bade an everlaſting adieu to a country from which my heart was

not weaned; and paid it the tribute of tears at parting. I found myself an outcast at eighteen years of age, in a foreign country, without a friend, without relations, without fortune, and without appointment. Sometimes I looked back to the delightful quarter I had abandoned, with a desire to return; but a thousand cruel reflections rushed to my mind, and soon banished that idea. What crime have I committed, said I to myself, that the arrows of misfortune are levelled at me? Had I merited the indignation of heaven, I should submit to its vengeance. Yet this period which then appeared so dismal to me, was one of the happiest in my life; my heart had not yet rebelled against the authority of virtue; and I had at least the comfort of self-satisfaction. I shall draw the curtain over a number of extravagancies which did not procure me a week's happiness. An intoxicated

man, at intervals sober, depictures the imbecillity of my youth. Yet amid the delirium of my reason, I heard at times that whispering voice, which we never slight with impunity. I always entertained an abhorrence of adultery; the rights of a husband appeared sacred to me; and it seemed in my mind as criminal to steal the affections of a man's wife, as to rob him of any other property. But to avoid one error, I fell into another; I had not the same respect for innocence; forgetting that it was under the guard of honesty and public decorum, the theft which I dared not commit toward a husband, an imprudent father, or an unsuspecting harmless mother, suffered from me without scruple. How false is the logic of the passions! How easily are we misled by their sophisms. At last, however, my eyes were opened by a dreadful lesson; and I did not dis-

cover

cover the abyss before me, till I had fallen into it.

I had passed some days in the country at an estate about ten leagues from Paris. The family of my entertainer consisted of himself and two daughters, the eldest affable, amiable, interesting, supplied by a thousand winning graces, the charms of person which nature had denied her. She had never been in love, and unfortunately she did not inspire me with that generous passion; but she raised in me emotions which must ever be excited by youth with such advantages. Whereas her heart, for which perhaps the fatal period was arrived, gave itself up without reserve to my first advances. In this family I saw a quiet orderly life, domestic virtues, hospitality, beneficence, and sincerity, without the least suspicion of deceit in others. They had passed three summers in the country, and returned to

Paris

Paris to ſpend in the winter a moderate income ſufficient to maintain themſelves decently, and to entertain a ſelect number of friends. The young folks confined to a narrow circle, were unacquainted with the world and the perfidy of ſociety; their ſouls were undiſguiſed as they came from the hands of the Creator; for they had not faſhionably impaired nor improved their original faculties. In conſequence of an obligation I had conferred on the father, he preſſed me in the warmth of gratitude to pay a viſit to his eſtate, and after many excuſes I yielded to his invitation. Unfortunate old man! he blindly ſolicited me to bring into his houſe confuſion and diſhonour. In the evening after ſupper, before we had left the table, he urged me frequently to relate to the little circle the hiſtory of my travels; and during my recital, Louiſa ſhewed her ſympathy by her tears.

When

When I painted the ſcenes of a diſtracted life, the horrors of misfortune under which I had languiſhed, the affronts I was obliged to digeſt in the preſence of overbearing wealth, and arrogant greatneſs, that rapid ſucceſſion of different conditions which I embraced and relinquiſhed, the moment I felt the weight of my fetters; when I repreſented myſelf like a galley ſlave ſtruggling with deſtiny, ſtill retaining that love of liberty which made me revolt at the ſhadow of ſubjection, unhappy by fate, but more unhappy through my ſpirit of independence, which preſented nothing but a gloomy proſpect of futurity; Louiſa liſtened with the moſt apparent concern, her eyes fixed on me, as if ſhe ſhared my ſufferings, giving vent occaſionally to deep ſighs, and ſometimes interrupting my narrative with generous exclamations. She admired my courage; my pride under

diſtreſs

diſtreſs did not diſpleaſe her; ſhe eſteemed the dignity of my reſolution in quitting my country, and told me, with the moſt charming ſweetneſs, that I ſhould find it again in France. I ſpent whole days with her and her ſiſter; the habit of being together drew cloſer every hour the bands of a growing friendſhip; neither love nor ſeduction were my plan, and I muſt do myſelf the juſtice to ſay, that I frequently repreſſed the faineſt idea of diſturbing the tranquillity of theſe timorous doves. The father intruſted his children to me with a confidence, which, alas! was cruelly abuſed. But how could the good man ſuſpect in another, a vice which was a ſtranger to his boſom? One morning I walked with the two ſiſters in the neighbouring fields; the beauty of the riſing ſun, the ſong of a thouſand feathered warblers, the mildneſs and freſhneſs of the air, and a ſecret ſpirit of vo-

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luptuouſneſs which ſtole through every channel of nature, inſinuated itſelf powerfully into the heart. I plunged into the gloom of the wood with Louiſa; her ſiſter, who was employed in gathering ſtrawberries, loſt ſight of us; ſhe called us ſeveral times; when we at length returned, but we appeared like two criminals with bluſhing countenances, and I with the pangs of inward remorſe.—My Louiſa, whom I had ſeen ſo gay, ſo ſportive, ſo tenderly ingenuous, had loſt theſe diſtinctions. A mournful ſilence concealed her ſentiments; grief overſhadowed her countenance; ſhe frequently directed a deeply tender glance at me, and turned her humid eyes downward when ſhe met mine. If I ſpoke to her, ſhe bluſhed; if I removed from her, ſhe wept; if I touched her hand, ſhe trembled as it were with an ague. One day ſhe ſaid to me, you have made me very miſera-

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ble! I no longer dare to look up, on your account. At another time I found her ſitting on the ground, at the foot of a chair, her face reſting on her hands, and heaving bitter ſighs; I intreated her to be compoſed; repreſenting to her that ſhe ſhould not increaſe our misfortune by making it known. Ah! ſhe replied, could you but teach me how to forget it! This anſwer the more affected me, as I was unable to offer any thing in my own juſtification. My offence ſtruck me in all its glaring colours; I fancied that I heard her father reproach me with tearful eyes, ungrateful man, what have you done! I embraced you with the arms of hoſpitality; I gave you the welcome of a friend to my houſe; or rather, I treated you as my ſon; I left at your mercy the treaſure of my life, the tender image of a beloved wife who breathes no more, the only fruits of our union; in ſhort,

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I confided to you two lambs who were ſtrangers to the faintest ſhadow of vice. You impiouſly ſaid in your heart, let me corrupt theſe ſimple ſouls that repoſe an unlimited confidence in me; let me wound this honeſt old fellow in his moſt tender part, and give him eternal cauſe to weep for his benevolence. At laſt, tired of my own gloomy reflections, I parted with the injured family, leaving behind me horror, deſpair, ſhame and repentance. When I arrived at Paris, I endeavoured by mingling with the crowd, to avoid myſelf; I courted diſſipation, and at the end of a few months, if I had not intirely loſt the idea of Louiſa, it was conſiderably weakened, the phantom haunted me, as it were, at a diſtance. Winter brought to town my victim, and her relations; a note I received from the unſuſpicious father appriſed me of their arrival, and invited me to viſit them;

them; I paid my reſpects accordingly. The old gentleman happened to be from home; and Louiſa did not reproach me for my unkindneſs in leaving her, or the ſix months that I ſuffered to paſs without the leaſt token of my being alive; nor the oblivion to which I ſeemed to have conſigned her. Her lips only returned me thanks for the favour of my viſit, and the regard which I expreſſed for her welfare. I found her prodigiouſly altered; ſhe appeared dreadfully emaciated and conſumptive; I aſked her, if ſhe had been ill; no, ſhe replied, with a forced ſmile; but I have had my troubles. This hint pierced my ſoul; I was about to fall at her feet, if the appearance of the ſiſter had not prevented me. Charming girl! not to allow herſelf one complaint! Ever equally tender without a return! She perceived my emotion, and was affected by it; her hand, which I held,

gently

gently preſſed mine, and ſhe ſighed; the tribute of eſteem that I paid her was a poor acknowledgment for ſo much love; ſhe felt it, and ſuffered the moſt cruel anguiſh; I ſaw her ſtrength gradually decline, unable to ſupport it. Diſtracted by the view of her wrongs, and torn with remorſe for having been the author of them, I began to withdraw my viſits; and by degrees ſaw her only at very diſtant intervals. This barbarous treatment did not change the even tenor of her diſpoſition; ſhe continued at all times tender, affectionate and engaging; but her decay viſibly increaſed every hour: ſhe experienced the regular gradations of a decline, and ſtep by ſtep beheld the approach of the univerſal tyrant. One day when ſhe was alone, I expreſſed my uneaſineſs for the alarming ſtate of her health: I conjured her to live for the ſake of her friends; my concern made

made me eloquent, and taking her hand with an air of affection which I had never ſhewn her before, I preſſed it to my lips; ſhe withdrew it, and ſaid, in a mournful accent, Ah! Sir, you have made me drink a bitter cup! A delicate glow ſpread over her pale, withered cheeks; ſhe raiſed her hands to heaven, and, in a piteous tone, cried, My God, lend me ſtrength to ſupport my reſolutions! Then making me ſit beſide her, and deſiring me not to interrupt her, ſhe ſaid to me with a voice of ſweetneſs and dignity, which it is impoſſible for me to expreſs; I have long intended to talk with you; the words have often been ready to ſtart from my lips, but a falſe delicacy, fear, or I know not what ſentiment, has hitherto prevented me; the time, however, is come when I muſt pour out my ſoul to you, and I conjure the Divine Mercy to aſſiſt me in this inſtance of ſelf-denial.

nial. You perceived the victory you had gained over me at first sight; indeed I knew not how to conceal it; bred up at home, I was too little acquainted with the world to mistrust an inclination which seemed replete with happiness; I therefore gave myself up to it without hesitation, with all the ingenuous simplicity of my age. The looks, the cares and particular attentions which you seemed to bestow on me, and which I mistook for a return of tenderness, completed my deception. How easily is a lover imposed on! I saw you flatter my taste; prevent my wishes; court my glances; place yourself by me at table, at play, in walking; direct your discourse to me with a warmth not shewn to any other person; reprove me for my faults with a sweetness that charmed me. I concluded that I was beloved, and you took no pains to undeceive me! When you endeavoured to draw from

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the inmoſt receſſes of my heart the ſecret of my weakneſs, I made as full a confeſſion as you could deſire, with a ſimplicity which at preſent aſtoniſhes me; and yet you did not undeceive me! The hour of my deſtruction at length arrived; I will not dwell on that fatal period of my life; we ſhould both have too much occaſion to bluſh, and I will not reproach you with a fault of which I ſhared the criminality. But what apology can be made for your behaviour ſince? I had ſcarcely quitted your arms, and my eyes were ſtill bedewed with the tears of repentance, when you abandoned me! You left us perhaps without a thought of returning; and I remained forlornly behind, the victim of ſhame and diſtreſs. You did not witneſs my tears; you did not hear my exclamations; you were far enough from me, loſt in the diſſipation of pleaſure, and perhaps taken up with new amours;

perhaps

perhaps you never beſtowed a moment's reflection, except to give a zeſt to your riotous mirth, that there was a family, obſcure, it is true, but honeſt and virtuous, who owed to you the diſgrace of an unfortunate daughter. The ſuppoſition is horrid, and I dread giving way to it. Yet ſix months elapſed, and but for a note which I confeſs my father was perſuaded to write at my inſtigation, I preſume that we ſhould never have ſeen you again. However you did return, but how altered! You appeared abſent, unconverſible, reſtleſs; my alarm could not eſcape you, as I did not attempt to conceal it; yet you left my heart to it's anguiſh with the indifference of a man who loves no longer, or rather who had never loved. I recalled with bitterneſs the days of your amorous attachment. How unlike you were to yourſelf! You deprived me of all that was charming in life. The plea-

ſure I had enjoyed in the certainty of your affection, had the painful effect on my mind of awaking from an agreeable dream. My health, which was already impaired, felt the finiſhing ſhock; I viewed the rapid approach of my laſt hour as the concluſion of my ſorrows; and began to form the reſolution of breaking off all intercourſe with you, and to give myſelf up entirely to that Sovereign Being whom I had too long forgotten. Fond project! of a heart ſtill too much attached to the world. I ſaw you, and every day my reſolution became weaker; a word from you made me forget all your ill uſage, and left me as wavering as before. Yet it was abſolutely neceſſary to be decided; the only excuſe for love is a return of affection; but it is madneſs in the extreme to perſiſt in loving thoſe to whom we are indifferent. Beſides I cannot poſſibly live long; I muſt

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ſhortly render a ſtrict account of my actions to my Judge; the ſmall remains of life that I can hope for, leave not a moment to ſpare for aught but my preparation; I muſt renounce my errors, and have ſolicited your attention, that you may receive my eternal adieu; this is the laſt day I ſhall ever behold you; and theſe the laſt words I ſhall ever ſpeak to you. Then riſing majeſtically, ſhe left me confounded, humbled, with a dejected countenance, trembling like a criminal who has received ſentence of death. A ſudden revolution took place in my heart; love entered my boſom as the unfortunate lady baniſhed it from her's. One word, I cried, drawing her back to the chair which ſhe had quitted; I condemn myſelf; I confeſs my injuſtice; I have anticipated every charge you have brought againſt me, and a hundred more. I confeſs, with deep contrition, that I have

treated you with horrid ingratitude. But is there no hope of pardon? May I not be allowed to make reparation for the wrongs I have committed? Speak, Miſs; how will you diſpoſe of a repentant criminal who throws himſelf at your feet, conjuring you to reſtore to him that confidence he has loſt? So ſaying, I embraced her knees. Reparation! ſaid ſhe, there is no time for that; of what avail could it be to a dying girl? Reparation! added ſhe with warmth, can any be made for the love I laviſhed on you, or in atonement for the injuries you have done me? Do you believe, can you flatter yourſelf, that I will now conſent to accept of ſatisfaction for ſuch accumulated wrongs? No, Sir, pity is a poor recompenſe for love; I am too proud to be indebted to gratitude, or perhaps a more humiliating ſentiment, for the return which you proffer; I prayed, I conjured her to grant me the

name of huſband. There was a time, ſhe replied, when it would have gratified my ambition; but you ſee what I am at preſent; the bands of Hymen would be broken as ſoon as formed; I muſt forego your propoſal; the only favour I aſk of you is to let me be your laſt victim. I beg this of you for the ſake of your ſoul, which is ſtill dear to me; give over theſe ſhameful ſeductions which are juſtly attended with ſuch baleful conſequences; never corrupt another virtuous and unſuſpecting heart. What glory can reſult from it? It is a triumph that coſts the conqueror ſo little! Believe me, juſtice ſends to the ſcaffold malefactors leſs odious than the ſeducer who ſtabs the vitals of innocence. Here that converſation ended, a word of which has not eſcaped my memory. This was the laſt day I ever ſaw her; I went afterward often to her door without being admitted; and in

a few months they told me that ſhe was dead. The phantom of the unfortunate girl never quitted me; my heart was corroded by a viper that poiſoned every pleaſure. I flew for relief to the ſophiſtry of the learned; they told me that the morality of actions depended on opinion; that good and evil are relative terms; that what is virtue in one country is vice in another; that probity is the practice of what is convenient; they added, that happineſs conſiſts in enjoyment, and wiſdom in a judicious indulgence; that prejudice has rendered ſhame a virtue; that in many countries the corruption of manners is authoriſed by law, and conſecrated by religion. ——I bluſh to purſue their ſophiſms. Ah! my dear Tereſa, how many avenues are open for the heart that is reſolved to go aſtray! I daily collected a number of dogmatical aſſertions in ſupport of this horrid doctrine: till

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I really took for granted as the firſt principles of truth, the ideal exiſtence of virtue, and the neceſſity of the paſſions. When my creed was determined by this deſtructive morality, I ſhook off my remorſe, and plunging in debauchery, ſunk into a ſtupor not unlike that occaſioned by opium in the fits of a delirium. I forgot that I had an infirm father, who had a claim to my aſſiſtance. Heaven grant that I may find in my old age thoſe attentions and conſolations which I neglected to beſtow on him! But if eternal juſtice reſerves for me the puniſhment of ungrateful children, I may well expect to be abandoned to the moſt forlorn miſery in my latter days. Nevertheleſs I loved him tenderly, though I am too ſenſible he did not know it; for I had neglected giving him proofs of my affection. Of how many pleaſures do we rob ourſelves by renouncing virtue! Amid my

empty delights, I was not happy; I could not help recalling the firſt leſſons of my childhood; comparing my preſent ſtate with that I had formerly enjoyed, I regretted my loſs; I felt that there is no certain and ſolid felicity but in the ſatisfaction of a ſelf-approving conſcience. This ſtruggle of the paſſions with reaſon threw me into a painful anxiety; it grew intolerable; and the arm of Heaven was ſtretched out to teach me my own inſignificance; repeated misfortunes awaked me from my long ſlumber; forlorn, and friendleſs, I was obliged to drag a miſerable life, at the mercy of every hazard, to crouch like a reptile to every being from whom I hoped for aſſiſtance. Alas! how rarely to be found! Man is to man the moſt deſperate enemy. I am now thoroughly acquainted with all thoſe friends, and protectors; and am ſuperior to the deception of their vileneſs. A gloomy miſanthropy detached

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me from the world; I eſcaped to ſolitude, there to indulge the bitterneſs of my ſoul; my retreat did not ſeem to me ſufficiently obſcure; I reſolved to croſs the ocean, and ſeek in another climate for unpeopled deſerts where I might brood over my diſcontent without a witneſs. On my arrival at Nantes, I fell deſperately ſick; yet though a ſtranger in the town, I was nurſed with an hoſpitality worthy the firſt ages, and ſaw with admiration virtues which reconciled me to humanity. A merchant offered me his purſe; generouſly advanced the expences of my journey, and prevented my wants; though I ſtood before him with no title but that of an unfortunate man. On my recovery, I embarked for America, and reſolved to ſit down on one of the Antilles. Here I expected to find only deſerts and ſavages; but met with a mild, civiliſed, generous peo-

ple, upright hearts, ſpotleſs manners, and a plentiful ſoil, improved by cultivation. I was raviſhed, at the ſight of this beautiful country, with an idea of thoſe charming meadows celebrated in paſtoral poetry. I felt new life in my veins; the violence of my paſſions ſubſided; the clouds of melancholy which had followed me from Europe, were diſſipated in this balmy, ſalubrious atmoſphere, and my eyes were delighted with the ſmiling landſcapes, an eternal ſpring and a renewed face of nature. I viſited ſeveral houſes, and was received with the ſame bounty at all. I envied the condition of thoſe happy huſbandmen who lived with ſimplicity in the arms of plenty. I had brought ſome books with me, and divided my time between reading and walking. I cultivated a ſpot of land which a generous Creole reſigned in my favour, and a little cottage, his preſent likewiſe, afforded me an aſylum.

lum. My days never paſſed with more tranquillity; free from ſolicitude for the morrow, I found an ample ſupply in the produce of my little dominions, for all my neceſſities. My benefactor never let me want for any thing; his preventive attention anticipated my wiſhes; a ſlave that he had given me alleviated my labours; and, but for the recollection of paſt ſcenes, I ſhould have been the happieſt of mankind. I could have ended my days in this ſolitude; and, weaned from the deceits of the world, aſpired to no greater felicity. Others viſit this country to make a fortune; I found in it peace, and a friend more dear than riches; I enjoyed the moſt beautiful proſpect that mortal can contemplate; nature is no where ſo majeſtic as in theſe climates, the throne of the ſun, embelliſhed with all his glory. There all the fables of the golden age and happy Theſſaly appear

realities. I had always lived in a kind of apathy with reſpect to devotion, and had ſeldom looked up to the Supreme Being. I had contented myſelf with gleaning ſome fragments of modern ſcepticiſm, in conformity to which I conſidered the Deity as a paſſive being, indifferent to the affairs of this world, without benevolence, without malice; and the univerſe as an aſſemblage of vegetation, animated, eternal, exiſting by its own motion, and preſerving itſelf by an infinite ſucceſſion of alterations, revolutions, and reproductions. One day as I was croſſing the lofty mountains of the iſland, I ſtopped in an extaſy, at the inſtant the ſun aroſe, and threw over the face of nature a veil of ſuperficial light. A long chain of rocks that aſpired around me, received and repelled his rays through the aërial ſpace, which ſeemed furrowed with a thouſand ſparkling colours; immenſe

foreſts

foreſts, in the ſtyle of an amphitheatre, diſplayed a verdant drapery from the arch of heaven to the depths below; and rivers, ſtreaming in caſcades, loſt themſelves in the gloom of everlaſting ſhade; while the ſea at the extremity of the horizon, cloſed this magnificent ſcene. With ſurpriſe and raviſhment, I bowed myſelf to the ground, and adored, perhaps for the firſt time, with religious reſpect, the Sovereign Creator of theſe wonders; then invoking the woods, the rivers, the rocks and the ſeas, I ſaid, if ye have made yourſelves, give yourſelves animation and utterance! O my friend, what an idea of their Author muſt we form from this profuſion of riches! How can it be ſuppoſed that the elements ſhould have ever combined of themſelves to produce the aſtoniſhing order, the concurrence and harmony diſcoverable in the arrangement of the univerſe? Mad Speculatiſts!

who

who ſhould dare to attribute to the caprices of chance, to the combinations of inanimate matter, the moſt inconſiderable pieces of human workmanſhip; but infinitely more preſumptuous to explain the phenomena of creation by thoſe abſurd agents! I returned home a convert to my own inferences, from the proſpects I had juſt beheld; and from that time applied myſelf to a ſtudious conſideration of thoſe ſublime objects, which I had only viewed ſuperficially amid the tumult and diſſipation of the world. I then perceived the juſtneſs of Lord Bacon's remark, that a little philoſophy makes men Atheiſts; but that a thorough acquaintance with it brings them back to religion. Thus convinced that no effect can exiſt without a cauſe, and aſcending from ſource to ſource, even to the Supreme Author of all, I diſcovered the Divinity the object of my enquiry. I ſaid to myſelf,

ſelf, unbelievers, in ſuppoſing the eternity of matter, ſubſtitute for the Principle whom I adore without being able to comprehend him, another principle leſs intelligible; they diſtreſs my heart without ſatisfying my reaſon; they give a perplexed, diſmal theory, to ſap the foundations of a belief which forms my happineſs; they call by the uncertain names of nature, chance and neceſſity, that ſovereign cauſe, whom I ſtyle God. At leaſt they are obliged to own a Firſt Cauſe; and perhaps after all they only diſpute about words. Yes, my lovely friend, I am perſuaded that there is not in reality an Atheiſt; and that he who dares to aſſert that there is no God, contradicts the teſtimony of his own conſcience.

I had enjoyed ſometime in my retreat the pleaſures of meditation, when my mind was diſtracted by new troubles. My benefactor had been left a widower

widower with a daughter of thirteen, whom he brought up under his own eye, and who was the pride and comfort of his age. Melinda promiſed to be handſome, and had already diſcovered many blooming graces; her heart propoſed all the amiable ſimplicity of nature; before the words parted from her lips, you anticipated the ſentiments they would utter. The lovely girl was attached to me, and often paid a viſit to my cottage, attended by a ſlave who had been her nurſe. We walked by the ſea-ſide, under the palm-trees that adorned it's ſhore. Sometimes I converſed on the beauties of nature; ſometimes endeavoured to impreſs her tender mind with the principles of morality, and had the ſatisfaction to diſcover the gradual unfolding of her reaſoning faculties. Sometimes we read books of inſtruction; I gave her leſſons in drawing, and felt a ſecret pleaſure in thus paying

ing the generous father a tribute of gratitude. I was not aware of my ſituation, and received unalarmed the innocent careſſes of my pupil; ſhe would tenderly preſs me in her little arms; was fond of meeting me with a ſmile; ſeldom left me, and always with diſſatisfaction. One day in playing with her, I drew her to my boſom, when a violent palpitation ſeized me; this, like a flaſh of lightning, ſerved to open my eyes; I reſolved to be on my guard in future, and to avoid ſuch dangerous paſtimes; but the habit of ſeeing each other rendered it difficult to keep my intention; I ſoon reſumed the freedoms of a life which had a thouſand charms for me. Melinda grew and improved every day; her underſtanding ripened; to the natural graces of childhood ſucceeded the decent and timid addreſs of a more reſerved age; her eyes ſeemed to ſeek the ground in my preſence;

preſence; ſometimes I ſurpriſed her ſoft modeſt glances, ſtolen at me, and never met them without emotion. Once as ſhe was drawing, I dared to preſs her hand with my lips; ſhe looked ſtedfaſtly at me, and bluſhed; a rebellious flame darted through my veins; the moſt guilty ideas ruſhed to my mind; I felt my danger, and ſtarting up, flew to my cottage. There, beating my boſom, and pouring a torrent of tears, I cried, unnatural man, let this innocence too be thy victim; deſtroy alſo this benefactor; and thus end the catalogue of thy crimes. No, I continued ſobbing, no, I am unworthy of the light, and the ſociety of mankind! I ſhut myſelf up the reſt of the day, weeping and refuſing nouriſhment. My friend came to ſee me without the leaſt ſuſpicion of my diſorder; I threw myſelf at his feet; confeſſed the horrid delirium; when he chearfully raiſed me, folded me in his

his arms, and ſaid, forbear to afflict yourſelf, and reſume the confidence of a noble mind. No man is ſuperior to temptation; but to triumph over it, is reſerved for virtue, and your's has ſuſtained the trial with dignity. Beſides, continued he with a ſmile, it is for yourſelf that you are to guard the treaſure I have intruſted to your care. No friend is dearer to me than you, and I propoſe to join you to our family by a cloſer connection. This was my original deſign, and the knowledge of your character confirms me in it every day. I fell again at his feet, and murmured ſome words of acknowledgment. He then led me to his daughter, and charged her to treat me in future as her intended huſband. An amiable bluſh ſuffuſed the features of Melinda, and it appeared that I was not indifferent to her. Our days glided ſerenely in expectation of the nuptial happineſs, when

when all my hopes were baffled by death. A malignant fever carried off Melinda; and I had the additional concern to loſe at the ſame time her venerable father. I paid them the laſt duties with a heavineſs of heart, which I had never experienced. My ideas of future felicity vaniſhed; I loſt at once a wife, a benefactor, a friend, the charm and comfort of my life; every bleſſing left me; I was alone, on a foreign ſhore, a neighbour of the grave that held the aſhes of thoſe I loved. I continued reluctantly in the iſland which had ſeemed ſo beautiful to me; I could not endure my deſert; every ſtep in it recalled paſt pleaſures and recent loſſes; every object racked me with painful recollection; my heart was once more a prey to the horrors of melancholy; my old remorſe, though long ſoothed to ſilence by the friendly voice of agreeable ſociety, awaked with redoubled violence;

lence; every day I viſited the tomb of my friends, and on returning home was ſhocked at my ſolitude. I choſe therefore to abandon America, ſold the poſſeſſions my benefactor had left me, and bidding an everlaſting adieu to my once delightful hermitage, embarked for Europe. It was my deſign to renounce the world for ever, and ſpend the remainder of my days in retirement; but fate gave me a ſight of you, and that has changed my reſolution. Heaven grant that my Tereſa may not ſhare in the adverſity, which has hitherto proved my inſeparable companion!

LET-

LETTER XLVIII.

TERESA TO FALDONI.

I AM at a loſs to gueſs your meaning, in writing to me ſo diſmal a letter. To what purpoſe retrace your former errors, and diſtreſs your friend with their gloomy picture? Did you wiſh to leſſen the eſteem I had entertained for you? Far from that, you have only confirmed it. I admire your ingenuouſneſs, and diſcover amid your faults that character from which you have never departed. I pity poor Louiſa for having loved; but much more ſo for not meeting with the return ſhe ſo well deſerved. It was ſhocking in you to be the author of her wretchedneſs; yet your remorſe has ſufficiently atoned for your imprudence. Let us therefore drop the

ſubject,

ſubject, my friend; time has left at a diſtance the errors of your youth, and you muſt have profited by the experience of your own weakneſs. I ſhould have no great value for a man who had never deviated from the path of rectitude. Call to mind what I told you a few days ſince, when you were reading to me and my couſin the romance of Grandiſon; that hero always appeared unintereſting to me, becauſe he is too perfect; a being ſo ſuperior to mankind can be beloved by none but angels; he puts me continually to the bluſh by the exceſs of his merit, and my ſelf love could never be gratified with him! Not that I can excuſe your conduct, and juſtify your attacks on innocence. But you have confeſſed the horrid criminality of thoſe attempts, and by that ſcreened yourſelf from my reproaches. You own that the remembrance of that amiable girl has attended

tended you for your punishment thro' life. Ah! Faldoni, how can the seducer overlook for a moment the anguish which certainly awaits him? In reality, I pity your men of fashion who take such pains to insure repentance. How wretched is the lot of women! It seems as if political institutions were calculated to destroy, in this delicate part of the human species, the bud of every noble and great sentiment, to render them the jest and toys of the men, and the prey of the first seducer that can gain their confidence. Yet they possess a refined taste, and exquisite sensibility; I will add, that they excel your sex when their souls are elevated by virtue; love, with them so spirited and tender, has an energy rarely seen with you in the same passion; it is certain, you are not capable of loving as we do; you think of snatching a fugitive pleasure, and the emotion expires. But

we,

we, alas! slaves to the object of our inclination, neither see, nor hear any thing but him; honour, fortune, felicity, grandeur, are all indifferent to us, but for his sake. Proud even of our weakness, when our glory is lost, we enjoy the sacrifice we have made, in reflecting on it's object. Is it not by him that we live, think, are sad or gay, happy, or miserable? Does any interest operate more forcibly with us than his? Match if you can in your sex, those agonies of a betrayed heart, those tortures which consume a fond female, and gradually conduct her to the tomb! Men find relief in business; a thousand objects detach you from a favourite one; but in the solitude to which the tyranny of education confines us, we converse ever with our own thoughts; are ever in the company of the adored image; are ever haunted by the memory of scenes that nourish our flame. We

have to ſtruggle with your allurements and our own deſires, which ſpeak ſtill more in your favour, the delicacy of our frame, the ſuſceptibility of our hearts, and the credulity of our underſtandings. Againſt ſuch frail creatures you come armed with all the advantages of nature and art. Why does not man, the author of laws, render his companion worthy of his homage, by giving her that degree of perfection of which ſhe is capable? Does he apprehend the decline of his empire, ſhould he unfold the talents and virtues of the inferior ſex; and has he not rather eſtabliſhed a mode of education moſt ſuitable to his principles of corruption? It muſt be ſo; or would he leave them ſo defenceleſs, while he prides himſelf in ſo many endowments? Otherwiſe would he direct their firſt views to trifling and luxury, inſtead of forming their hearts, and enlightening their underſtandings?

ſtandings? If they have little ſolidity or coherency of ideas, ought he not early to provide againſt this defect by all the benefits of a wiſe inſtitution? He ſhould arm them againſt the danger of ſeduction; he ſhould ſecure for them years of happineſs; a woman of any age would then be the delight of ſociety; love founded on eſteem would no longer be the amuſement of a vacant hour; a powerful and noble emulation would ariſe between the ſexes, and muſt promote their mutual benefit.

Still the name of Louiſa will tremble from my pen. What muſt ſhe have ſuffered! To love without a return, after having ſacrificed every thing to the beloved object! Gracious God!——I do not lament her death, but her ſufferings; the reflection that all her kindneſs had only made you ungrateful, muſt have killed her. But what is death, compared

with thoſe emotions of deſpair, thoſe convulſions of rage which make us curſe our being? I cannot reperuſe your letter, without weeping. How fooliſh it is in us to indulge a paſſion ſo rarely fortunate, and almoſt ever attended with unceaſing repentance! ——Forgive this ſerioufneſs; I do not mean thus to conclude my letter. It was my intention to have diverted you, but in ſpite of myſelf theſe reflections have intruded. You may blame your own ugly letter, which has given me the ſpleen. Indeed you have made me paſs a moſt uneaſy night, intereſted in all your adventures, following you every where, and accuſing you for the death——. But no more. I am angry with you; and might be tempted to hate you in earneſt.

I may attribute to that unfortunate reading the preſent ſituation of my mind; I am to-day very gloomy; every

every thing is to me an occaſion of diſtreſs and diſpleaſure. I would give all I am worth that this week were over; ſuch dreary ideas haunt my imagination; I converſe with ſpectres, and ſee nothing but tombs. Fly hither, my friend, to comfort me. Diſperſe the illuſions of a too ſuſceptible heart; I can only be happy in your company.

I ſhall expect you to-morrow. Come early, to avoid the heat, and prolong our entertainment. Bring you ballads with you; we will ſing your favourite one, that which gave you an opportunity of avowing your flame, and which has ſince made me ſhed ſo many tears. In the morning we will viſit Saulaye-wood, which my couſin has not yet ſeen. Your arm ſhall conduct us; we will breakfaſt on new laid eggs * at the farm you

* The French do not drink tea for breakfaſt.

are no ſtranger to; our mothers will take us up in their carriage, and we ſhall return home together. Heaven forbid that any thing ſhould prevent our promiſed pleaſure; yet my ſoul has long been armed for diſappointment.

LET-

LETTER L.

PALDONI TO THE CURATE.

AH! Sir, what dreadful news have I to tell you. Madam de St. Cyran lies on her death-bed. She was yesterday attacked with a fever, which prevented her from engaging in a party of pleasure. We kept her company at home; in the evening she complained of a troublesome cough and an inflammation in the bowels; she was next seized with a chilliness and shivering, with all the symptoms of a pleurisy. She had a terrible night; her life was despaired of; she was hourly in danger of suffocation. All was hurry and confusion; the servants were dispatched on the road; the doctors came; half the village met in the castle-yard; fear and despair appeared

appeared in every countenance. Tereſa, fixed on her knees by the bedſide of her mother, gave herſelf up to tears. Madam d'Armian and her daughter, amid the attendants, iſſued orders, watched every motion of the patient, and ſeemed to be preſent in twenty places at a time. During this agitation, a mournful ſilence prevailed in the houſe, nothing was heard but ſobs ſtruggling for a paſſage. Young Miſs de St. Cyran was fetched from the convent, to receive her mother's bleſſing; and the dear little girl affected us all to tears. Such ſenſibility in one ſo young! But it is no more than ſuits the ſiſter of Tereſa! Could you ſee them both by the ſide of their dying mother, it would pierce your heart. Letters have been ſent to Monſieur de St. Cyran and his ſon; the latter, not being far off, has the melancholy information, and muſt

ſoon

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